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FRANCE is going the inevitable way of the invader. She intended to make friends with the people of the Ruhr; she is making them her bitterest enemies. She planned to isolate them from Germany, to bribe them with food, sweet words, and easy discipline—but the brutal spell of invasion is upon her, and step by step she is sinking, as Boardman Robinson so eloquently puts it in his drawing elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation,* deeper and deeper into a quicksand from which she will be fortunate to escape at all. In anger and despair at the failure of his rosy dreams Poincaré is already threatening to declare war—which would automatically cancel the Treaty of Versailles; he is barring German cabinet ministers from the Ruhr for fear their very presence will stiffen the resistance—as if knowledge of his order would not stiffen it still more; his troops are confiscating little wagon-loads of coal winding their way from the mines to workmen's homes, and using their riding-whips to drive Germans—men, women and children—out of restaurants which refuse to serve French soldiers; he has declared a blockade barring the Ruhr from the rest of Germany; and his generals are using language which is more effective than any German propaganda, bragging that if Germany forces the issue she will not "stay our hands by crying 'Kamerad!' It will be a fight to the finish—a complete knockout." This is "Prussianism"; it is cowardly and stupid militarism; it is uniting the world in horror of France. Each day's news reinforces Senator Borah's and Ramsay MacDonald's protests.

THE Turks might have learned at Lausanne that the wisest course for a diplomat is to lay low and say nothing. Lord Curzon made himself abundantly ridiculous by lecturing the Turks on their sins and warning them sternly that if they did not do as he told them to he would go right home, or otherwise punish them. The Turks courteously replied that they were sorry but they could not agree, and in most cases Lord Curzon swallowed his threats and continued negotiating. At Smyrna zealous Turks, overexcited by recent success, made the sad mistake of shifting roles and adopting Lord Curzon's tactics of loud bluff. They warned the Allied warships lying in the outer harbor to get out or be fired upon. For answer the British warships in the outer harbor moved into the inner, and a few more British ships quietly steamed into the neighborhood and trained their guns on the Turkish positions. The Turks will not profit by attempting to bully the British on the sea; they should let time play their game for them.

EVERY American citizen ought to read the revelations of the detective and spy, Albert Balanow, which were published in the press on February 13. The average gullible reader of the daily press ought to undergo something of a shock upon reading this narrative. According to his statement Balanow was employed by William J. Burns as a spy and *agent provocateur;* he took service also with the Thiel Detective Agency and unknown to either gave both the same reports. In addition to spying he did the regular dirty work of writing threatening letters to prosecutors in charge of "red" trials, and to others. In speeches he incited to sabotage and violence and preached revolution. He let "real reds slip through his fingers" in order to make more money running them down again. He wrote warning letters telling of fictitious plots to blow up public buildings so that his employers should profit further by the red scare. In brief there was nothing so loathsome that he would not stoop to it at the behest of the man who is now head of the United States Secret Service. It is our deliberate belief that men like William J. Burns are an infinitely greater menace to the United States than the poor people they please to place in jail with the aid of tools like Balanow.

MR. HUGHES'S Central American Conference, which has just produced a set of fifteen conventions and protocols, nearly broke up two months ago because the delegates of Honduras and Salvador wanted to proceed to federation at once, whereas Nicaragua and Guatemala, more under Mr. Hughes's stern thumb, did not. The Central American Federation formed two years ago was broken up a year ago because of the action, or inaction, of the United States in Guatemala. The Central American Court of Justice formed in 1907 under the joint aegis of Mexico and the United States lapsed because the United States, under Mr. Bryan's guidance, encouraged Nicaragua to refuse to recognize the court's decision that the Bryan-Chamorro treaty between the United States and Nicaragua violated the rights of Costa Rica and of Salvador. This

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rather shameful record should be borne in mind in appraising the group of treaties which the Washington conference of the Central American republics has just brought forth. They include conventions to establish free trade between four of the republics (Costa Rica holds aloof from this), to limit the total military forces of the five republics to 16,400 men, to provide for non-recognition of revolutionary governments resulting from coups d'etats (this seems to perpetuate our puppet Government in Nicaragua and the reactionary Orellana Government in Guatemala), to reform electoral procedure, and to establish a new court of justice.

THIS new court excludes from consideration questions affecting the sovereign and independent existence of the Powers concerned, and instead of being a permanent court, with one representative from each nation, it is a panel of judges, fifteen to be named by the United States, from which names may be drawn for settlement of any particular dispute. The old method tended to make each judge a political representative of his country; but the new makes the court less permanent and somewhat an agency of supervision by the United States. We have moved toward imperialism since 1907. The treaties are nevertheless a forward step. Until the United States has a Secretary of State who realizes the sinister significance of our advance in the Caribbean better things cannot be hoped for. Meanwhile Mr. Hughes has negotiated a separate convention with Costa Rica which honorably recognizes Costa Rica's right to consideration in the question of canal rights in the San Juan River, a right which Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lansing contemptuously thrust aside. This opens the way for honest dealing if we should decide that a second canal across the isthmus was needed. We hope that Mr. Hughes will proceed to an equally honorable settlement with Salvador and Honduras, whose rights in Fonseca Bay, on the Pacific side, were also infringed by that unfortunate Bryan-Chamorro treaty.

GOOD for Arizona! Some time ago the State Legislature, grateful to President Obregon of Mexico for his action in permitting hundreds of thousands of drought-stricken Arizona cattle to enter the more fortunate ranges of northern Mexico under most favorable conditions, petitioned Mr. Hughes to recognize the Mexican Government. It did more; it sent a representative to urge similar action upon other State legislatures. The two Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and most recently Texas, without a dissenting vote, have taken such action, expressing friendship for the southern republic and confidence in President Obregon. But though Arizona and Texas plead for hands across the border, Mr. Hughes seems deaf to all but the oil men.

IT may be that Siam and Liberia still retain their war-time premiers and presidents, but with the passing of Mr. Massey in New Zealand and of Mr. Hughes in Australia the last of the really active war-time leaders disappear from the front row. Mr. Massey's Conservative followers in New Zealand dropped from fifty to thirty-eight representatives in Parliament; the Liberals rose from twenty-one to twenty-five, and Labor leaped from nine to seventeen. In Australia Mr. Hughes, who jumped out of the Labor Party into the Nationalist when the former stood out against conscription, regained his own seat, but six of his ministers were defeated; his party won 27 instead of 39 seats, and both of the other party groups refused to work again under the little dictator. Labor won 29 seats in the lower house, as against 24 in 1919. The middle parties, which have joined the Nationalists in a new coalition Government, won 19 seats. Now that Australia is rid of the hysterical Mr. Hughes and New Zealand of dull Mr. Massey we may cease to hear only of new imperialisms in the South Seas and learn once more of forerunners in social progress.

THE casual newspaper reader not looking for trouble and chiefly concerned with the price of coal and shoes sees nothing sinister in the occasional press story dealing with army and navy appropriations. Let these be gathered together over even a few weeks, however, and the evidence is disquieting. We have an ambitious militarist group daily at work, using all the old devices of appealing to fear on one hand and pride on the other: "Moderate defense is asked"; "Further cuts would endanger our national safety"; "Through these skeleton units . . . we shall be assured of protection against aggression from abroad and from intrigue within"; "U. S. army bigger than ever before in time of peace"; mobilization plans "might well dismay the most stubborn adversary"; "Wants navy second to none"; "U. S. leads world in air"; "Modernize the American navy to prevent this country from falling behind the British fleet." They brag of a new "bob-tail" bullet, the "deadliest yet made," which adds 30 per cent to machine-gun barrage zones. They have developed a pilotless air service whereby Boston could lay waste to New York without sending a man outside the city limits. Finally, Assistant Secretary of War Wainwright frankly says that "the nation has been divided into thirteen districts for the manufacture of ordnance. Three thousand manufactories have been allocated. . . ." and that Chicago is to be the base of munitions for the next war, which will cost $20,000,000 a day. There is a curious analogy between these war plans of our militarists and those of the European military men who talked of the war of 1914 until their very talk made it inevitable. Unhappily the analogy goes even further: we continue apathetically indifferent, as did the Europeans, to all these manifestations of horrors to come.

The emergency in Russia is not over. To the extent that peasants who were kept alive last year through American aid are left to die in 1923, America's effort is inadequate. Emergency aid and the restoration of agriculture are both necessary. . . . If widespread suffering and death from starvation are to be prevented American help must be continued on a large scale.

THESE sentences are from the careful report "The Russian Famines, 1921-22, 1922-23" issued by the Committee on Russian Relief of the National Information Bureau. This committee, which had unusual opportunities for its study last summer, consists of Mr. Allen Wardwell, former American Red Cross commissioner to Russia; Graham R. Taylor, former assistant to the American Ambassador in Russia; and Allen T. Burns, who, before he became director of the National Information Bureau, was director of the Americanization study of the Carnegie Corporation. It can hardly be charged with sympathy with Soviet Russia. Yet one cannot read the pages of its report (which may be obtained from the Bureau, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City) without feeling that much as America has already given, our job is not yet done. More than half the horses left alive in 1920 in the Tartar Republic, for instance,

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were dead by 1921; only half the normal amount of land was sown for the 1922 crop; and then came a plague of locusts. Russia is exporting some grain, chiefly rye, from the northern ports, from which the rail journey to the famine regions is difficult. With the proceeds she buys grain or machinery for the famine district. Propaganda about these exports should be disregarded. Mr. Hoover is continuing a child-feeding program; the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children, 110 West Fortieth St., New York City, is collecting for distribution through the Russian Red Cross; and the American Friends Service Committee, 20 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia, is continuing its magnificent work in the Samara region.

WE find it difficult to take seriously the loud wrath against Mr. William H. Anderson, New York State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. The gentlemen who boast most of their bootleggers are most moral in their condemnation of Mr. Anderson's refusal to explain what he did with his league's money. Yet, though their actions discount their words, they are right. There is no reason why Mr. Anderson's society, which plainly is a political organization, should not be called upon for just as public an accounting as any other political organization. If Mr. Anderson has been splitting fees, or has acted, as his own counsel discreetly puts it, "indiscreetly, very likely unjustly," the fact that his supporters are good churchgoing folk should not save him from paying the same penalty which other people pay for similar acts. The trouble is that the whole prohibition question has been so obscured in a fog of exaggerated myths and propaganda about the evil motives of both sides that one finds it difficult to take very seriously the accusations of either side against the other.

IF you have any opinions about the distressing state of affairs in the United States don't pray about them, at least not in Colorado. Chaplain J. R. Kader, of the Colorado House of Representatives, was officially reprimanded the other day for informing his Creator that "Our courts are corrupt; God has been expelled from our churches; . . . our boys and girls are going to the dogs; our laboring men are going to work with empty pails, while our farmers starve and the middlemen wax fat on exorbitant prices. . . ." Evidently the Colorado legislators must have felt either that it was impertinent to inform God of matters of which He must already be cognizant, or that it was unwise to let Him know just how bad things had become in this best of countries in the best of worlds. Even a Colorado legislator must have recognized that there was some foundation for the chaplain's words.

PERSONS of various races, colors, sexes, creeds, and nationalities who give indications of sense as individuals seem, when elevated to some public office such as dog-catcher, district leader, or judge, to lose about half of their human attributes; their heads become inflated with the vapors of importance. These dismal proclivities are well illustrated by the verdict of the presidents of women's clubs on the subject of bobbed hair. They all voted against it, only a few even admitting that it might do for flappers or for young business women in an awful hurry. They talked pompously about "womanly charm" and "dignity"—sheer presidential bunkum which makes us suspect each one of a passionate desire, in private, to shear every long hair from her head and to beat her hairpins into button-hooks. In convention these presidents and their cohorts show even less stamina; they go wrong on everything. The New York Federation of Women's Clubs has just refused to urge repeal of the Lusk laws, and voted to support censorship of motion pictures, and to require the foot- and finger-printing of all babies, mothers, parties to a marriage, school-children, and deceased persons. Only the last appeals to us as tolerable in a democracy; when we are quite dead we shall be willing to let the minions of the law foot- and finger-print us to their heart's content.

L'ESCALIER DE SERVICE, "The Back Stairs" it might be translated, is the title of a new journal being published in Paris. For whom? Well, the household servants, of course. It is not to be the medium of backstairs gossip, but a sober, earnest pleader for the rights of the domestics. Theirs is, in French private homes, a not wholly organized industry. The hours are long, as with us, and conditions of life often far more trying. Why should they not have their mouthpiece? The janitors have theirs, namely the *Janitors' Journal.* As for *L'Escalier de Service,* it is publishing free of charge the situation-wanted advertisements of such unionized servants as are seeking jobs, and good advice to employers as well. So far so good. But we are decidedly less happy in the announcement that this new literary production is to carry stories and reminiscences of servants. Not only is this taking bread out of the mouths of those professional writers who have to write fiction and draw upon their memoirs for pot-boilers, but it suggests most dreadful revelations of the private lives of some of the best-known French families. Let this begin and the 6,000 readers of *L'Escalier* will speedily grow to 600,000. We trust the Paris police will interfere and allow no new venturer into journalism to tell unscathed about the skeletons in the closet of "Madame X, who lives not far from the roof at No. 20,060 Boulevard Montparnasse." Else what will be left of the security of man's reputed castle?

THE Nobel Peace Prize for Jane Addams—upon whom in all the world could it better be bestowed? Not that Miss Addams has taken the extreme non-resistant position but she has stuck to her own beliefs through thick and through thin, through good repute and ill. Foreign peace and domestic peace and human understanding of human ills—to these her life has been dedicated. Never has she taken thought of herself. When it came, for instance, to the question whether she should go with Henry Ford upon his peace ship, it was asked whether she who had so much to lose if the enterprise were to become ridiculous should go along. Somebody, she thought, must go to do what was possible to make the expedition practical and useful—had she any right to spare herself? So she went—to share in the ill fate of the ship whose mission failed because of the mental limitations of its charterer. And later on Miss Addams found herself denounced, abused, vilified, spied upon, published by two branches of her government as a dangerous pro-German pacifist—merely because she nobly held in 1917 to views for which everyone admired and applauded her in 1913. We cannot think of any Nobel award that would be so fitting—such a crowning of a faith kept, of a creed lived and verified. Nor could any act of the Nobel trustees reflect more glory upon them, not even the bestowal of their last award upon Fridtjof Nansen.

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Government Ownership of Railroads: A Catechism

WHY does The Nation *favor government ownership of railroads?*

Because we believe that the present system of private ownership is on the verge of collapse.

Then The Nation *favors it for reasons of expediency?*

After decades in opposition to this policy, we have now become convinced that even if the railroads could furnish the necessary service the time has come for the government to own the railways. The problem is today utterly unlike that of 1890, or 1900, or even 1910.

In what respects?

(1) The business of railroading reached a new phase with the settlement of the West. (2) Our public policy has been reversed since the days of the dissolution of the Northern Pacific-Great Northern merger. The principle laid down in the Esch-Cummins law that the railroads shall be combined into regional groups is an admission that the era of competition is over. (3) The control of the railroads has more and more passed from the hands of the stockholders, and the roads have become more and more the property of the banks or the tools of unscrupulous Wall Street speculators. (4) Even more important is the growth of vested interests based upon special railroad privileges, such as rebates, which still continue. Experience has now definitely proved that a major operation is necessary to separate these parasites from the railroads.

But was not government management of the railroads a failure in war time, with a deficit of $1,800,000,000 according to James C. Davis, director-general of railroads?

(1) The testimony of men like Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Walker D. Hines runs directly counter to this view. (2) The truth is that the railroads were on the point of collapse when taken over by the government. For one reason or another they had been starved. (3) The railroads were run by the government not to make money, but to win the war. As a test of government operation the experiment is of little or no value, since the attendant conditions will presumably never be repeated. (4) From the deficit must be deducted approximately $600,000,000 paid to certain railroads for earnings guaranteed by Congress after the government relinquished the roads.

Will not government ownership of railroads necessarily mean establishment in the vital arteries of traffic of the paralyzing lack of initiative and the general inefficiency and red tape characteristic of the post office, the customs service, and other forms of government business?

This will not necessarily follow, but it is a risk which will have to be run. If the railroads are handled like the scientific bureaus of the government and kept out of politics they will be well run. They are the bases of the business life of the country, practically every citizen being more or less dependent upon them for service or having personal contacts with them; hence the presumption is fair that public attention could be rapidly and effectively focused upon maladministration of them.

Why would not the same end be better achieved by more careful regulation?

Regulation has thus far failed to safeguard the public and insure cheap and effective service. It has not insured prompt handling of the crops in the Northwest this year, nor the adequate handling of coal in the East. Railroad presidents declare that if there is further governmental regulation private management cannot continue.

Does The Nation *urge government operation as well as ownership?*

It does not and will not unless it is proved that it is impossible to work out some plan of joint operation by a board composed of representatives of the railroad workers, the public, and the government as suggested in the Plumb Plan.

But is it possible to run a branch of the government service in such a way as to permit of democratic control of it?

There is no reason why the railroad workers could not be so organized as to institute democratic control and afford the necessary outlets for their creative energy now wholly undeveloped under the autocratic organization of governmental departments. That it has not been attempted is no proof that it could not be.

Would not so large a body of civil servants become politically a danger to the republic?

The existing army of 560,863 civil employees is not a menace. The railroad brotherhoods already have great political power. Moreover, civil servants in this country have never yet voted as a body for or against any candidate.

Would it be possible to get able men to run the roads for the small salaries the government now pays?

The bulk of the railroad presidents of today are not able men; most of them are without vision or foresight and numbers of them are greatly overpaid. A chief cause for the pending breakdown of the roads is the lack of technical ability on the part of the executives and the extraordinary deterioration of the engineering and technical staffs under what Mr. Justice Brandeis calls the existing "banker management." Conversely, since the government obtains able men at small salaries for its scientific bureaus, it should be able to obtain similarly valuable railroad executives.

Would not government ownership be much more costly than private ownership?

Senator Couzens of Michigan has just replied as follows:

> Let me say to you that the government can waste considerable money through inefficiency and politics and yet produce service to the public in many activities at a less cost than can be done by private industries that are not in the limelight and that have so many ways of covering up their cost through high salaries, extra compensation to directors, the purchasing of supplies from industries in which the directors are interested, and from the "rake-offs" paid to the bankers who finance them.

What are the vested interests which have thrived upon railroad favors?

The Interstate Commerce Commission declared in 1915 that the coal trust was built up by railroad discrimination and favors. The Federal Trade Commission has found that the strength of the Beef Trust lies mainly in the privately owned cars and terminal facilities which give it railroad service and opportunities denied to competitors. The Standard Oil Company was built up by rebates and still profits by railroad favors. The Steel Trust has been in a position to crush its competitors by preferential rates.

How could the government finance the purchase?

(1) If it imitated the bankers it would only have to purchase 51 per cent of the stock of a given road to obtain control. (2) It could issue government bonds at a lower

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rate in exchange for those now upon the several properties. (3) The highest estimate of the value of the roads has been placed at $19,000,000,000. The war cost this country about $32,000,000,000, all of which went for unproductive expenditure for which there is nothing to show. A government which raised money so easily in war time could afford a productive investment which would confer enormous benefits upon the public and insure great savings if only by cutting out the favoritism, nepotism, and "honest grafting" of the existing railroad managements.

An Attack on Private Property

SECRETARY HUGHES does not add to his reputation either for statesmanship or for good judgment by opposing the restoration to its ex-enemy owners of the sequestrated property held in trust by the Alien Property Custodian. Alone among the several governmental departments which have an interest in this matter, and contrary to the desires of some of the leading members of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Secretary Hughes stands out in opposition to a return by Congress to the honorable paths of the national tradition. Mr. Hughes appears to rely upon the Knox-Porter resolution, incorporated in the Treaty of Berlin, to the effect that the sequestrated property shall be retained by the United States and no disposition thereof made, "except as shall have been heretofore or specifically hereafter shall be provided by law," until the German and Austro-Hungarian governments make suitable provision for the satisfaction of American claims. In expressing his opposition to such a Congressional change of policy as the resolution clearly contemplated, Mr. Hughes seems to have overlooked the exception quoted. It is fortunate that the House Committee at least has refused to heed his request and has approved a bill to return some 28,000 alien property trusts of less than $10,000 each.

Seizure of private property for the payment of governmental debts challenges the very foundations of private property, of modern business, and of American tradition. If the property is held as a pledge, such a policy must contemplate its possible utilization as a means of payment; otherwise to hold it would be mere recalcitrance. Yet several spokesmen of the Administration, though not the Secretary of State, have several times committed the Administration against such use of the property. Mr. Hughes stands firm—that which Hamilton called "cowardice" added to "treachery," which Marshall said no nation could undertake "without obloquy," which Justice Wilson considered "disreputable," which the Supreme Court has characterized as "condemned by the enlightened conscience and judgment of modern times," which ex-Secretary of State Knox declared was not "decent," which since Marshall's time has been regarded as illegal, the present Secretary of State, in the face of Congressional disinclination, wants the United States to do—he urges Congress to hold private property for the possible discharge of governmental debts. It must be assumed that his position is founded on misapprehension of the implications of what he is advocating. It must be known to him that Germany, with the best will in the world, cannot legally pay the American claims, many of which have little or no foundation in international law, because of Article 248 of the Treaty of Versailles, which gives the Allies a complete mortgage on German assets. To enable Germany to pay we must first obtain Allied permission, and the Allies seem indisposed to relinquish their prior liens.

From the beginning of the peace negotiations to the present day, from Wilson to Hughes, the statement has been reiterated that "we are not seeking reparations"; yet the Secretary of State now insists on retaining a claim upon a reparation payment which Germany cannot make. The Secretary's advice seems the more strange when it is recalled that this is the man who so unctuously lectured Russia and Mexico on the immorality of the confiscation of private property. He is familiar with the processes of international commerce and with the history of our possession of this sequestrated property; it is hard to understand how he can avoid recognition of the fact that he is advocating a practice and doctrine subversive of law and of the institution of private property; certainly he would be the last to want to do that.

Perhaps a great light may yet dawn upon Mr. Hughes. Even Mr. Hughes has on occasion changed his mind. But if he does not, Congress should overrule him; and that too has on occasion been known to occur.

Journeying

TO stay at home is to embrace too low a view of human nature and too dispiriting a one of the flatness of life. Adventure is to be found, as in other and more brilliant periods, along the road. We live in tight circles, in unescapable coteries. In these groups each is bound to the other by strong though invisible threads of interest, considerateness, prudence. The girl whose father you are bound to meet at luncheon day after tomorrow will not be caught in anything but conventional verbiage with you today; you will discover your best friends on the edge of a reserve that is near neighbor to unveracity because they fear your contacts with still other friends who are not wholly theirs. Or what they say may float, without any fault of yours, to their banker or boss or landlord or father or wife. Thus people who may be truly fond of each other are often to be found in flight from any genuine communion with each other and are struck dumb by the social fears amid which we live.

There are other reasons for the dulness of home. To see people too constantly is not to see them at all. Custom stales one's perceptiveness. Since you have often seen Smith in a dour mood you are blind to the moment when his dourness has a tragic edge. Since Jones is a blithe fellow you take his blitheness for granted; you either do not see the shadow that has crept over it or set that shadow down to indigestion. Smith and Jones are like your boots and your barber. They are familiar and so you expect them to stay common. Anyhow, you have no time. There are letters to be dictated. Let them take their interests and troubles elsewhere.

On a journey you are set free. You use the eyes of the body and the more seeing eyes of the soul. Those who go sight-seeing among buildings and paintings and mountains have, no doubt, an amusing time. To go sight-seeing among people is a more arduous but also a more enduring pleasure. It is, at least, a magnificent temptation and its rewards are great. You come a stranger and are therefore accepted as a friend. You will not stay and gossip; you can betray no one; you are safe. What happens is that the long-curbed passion for communication, for self-communi-

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cation, breaks forth in your presence. Bring but an understanding look, an interpretative word—a thousand strange and beautiful and significant secrets are your own. They are not always told you in speech. A woman's gesture will beg you to assume her whole heart's history; fat men in smoking-rooms will suddenly reveal strange sparks of poetry at the core of the grimy layers with which they wrap their souls. Often you need but be still with a certain gentle and vigilant stillness to learn more in a week of journeying than in a year at home.

What you learn is wonderfully heartening even though the substance of it is often sad enough. In that icy isolation that is so common among familiars you had almost, perhaps, come to regard yourself as a little monstrous. Others seemed to have sources of life which you could not tap and thus to possess a content of which you are not capable. You forgot that they, like yourself, carry about on the daily business of life a carefully arranged aspect with which to cheer their families, please their employers, soothe their colleagues. On a journey your own mask drops, and that is the signal for others to ease themselves of theirs. The result is that the flat world takes on brilliancy and splendor; it is seen visibly to shed its dust; it becomes peopled with magnificent persons; it streams with tragic pageantry. You feel suddenly and overwhelmingly at home. The charming woman who saves you, by the gentlest of maneuvers, from a dull and inarticulate party does so in order to tell you a history that is almost visionary in its strangeness and tragic glow; a quiet man on a walk turns out to be a philosopher and a student of human life. At table you heard the woman say sprightly and conventional nothings to her habitual friends and the man preserve a silence to which his familiars were evidently accustomed. But you, who are a stranger, are privileged. You bring with you liberty and speech. Thus you, in your turn, are richly and constantly companioned and find abroad a homelikeness in the world that you had long sought for and sought in vain.

Elihu Vedder, 1836-1923

ELIHU VEDDER'S death takes from us another of that admirable company of American painters, so many of whom have disappeared in little more than a decade. Beginning with his two immediate contemporaries John La Farge and Winslow Homer, we recall the deaths within this short period of Thomas Eakins, William M. Chase, Albert P. Ryder, J. Alden Weir, and others scarcely less distinguished. No history of American art could fail to give them the highest place among their colleagues, and their achievement cannot be estimated in terms merely of their pictures, but must include their wider influence, and their success in bringing our art into a deeper relationship with that of Europe.

From either standpoint Elihu Vedder must rank with those more widely known painters. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any of them did more to make our art known abroad. For many years French and English critics have devoted long and admiring study to his work; a queen of Italy asked that he let her come to see any group of pictures that he might be sending to America—a request which Mr. Vedder, with his customary unconcern as to distinctions and advantages, never heeded. And it is only by diligently hearkening to the echoes of the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies that we can form an idea of what it meant to the New York and the Boston of those years to receive his pictures and his visits. Going to Italy in 1856 and to Paris later on, he was one of the important forces in bringing us into contact with the art of the Continent—the earlier Americans being still more nearly descendants of the English school. Mr. La Farge visiting his French cousins and through them meeting the great Parisian figures of his day, and Mr. Chase bringing back the vigor and the restlessness he found first among the younger Munich painters and later in Paris, Venice, and Spain, were innovators in this country; their role is well known. Elihu Vedder's contribution to the development of the time will always be connected with that Italy of his first love and of the best years of his life.

To this Italian inspiration must be attributed much of the success of Vedder the decorator, whose work in the Library of Congress has been admired by so many thousands of visitors. Likewise the series of drawings with which he illustrated the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is a result of his loving study of the designers of Rome and Florence. Pictures like his charming portrait of Kate Field show him accepting with full hands the gifts of the early Renaissance masters; at times his admiration for them beguiles him into too close adherence to their manner. Or, let us rather say, in justice to his idols, that the dream of their golden period, which means so much to those who study its production, sometimes made him too forgetful of the realities on which his early training in America had nurtured him.

He was one of the men of his time and country who instinctively turned away from the practicality of the builders, the inventors, and the merchants of the middle years of the nineteenth century. Edgar Allan Poe had already given a measure of the introspective and imaginative side of the American mind, Shelley was still almost a presence to the ardent young men of the period. Admirers of Blake, Elihu Vedder among them, were already laying the foundation for that knowledge of the great mystic and those splendid collections of his work which may well serve as the counterpoise to some of the materialism that is occasionally laid at our door. In Albert Ryder we had a painter who stands as one of the true seers of his time, and if the future decides, as appears probable, that Elihu Vedder did not equal his stature in the realm of vision, at least the older man shows in one work after another his right to enter that field of art in which his countrymen have done such distinguished work. Even the small pictures which inadequately represent him in our two chief museums give some hint of Vedder the designer and the visionary. When time has brought forth again from the private collections, where they have been for so long secluded, the more important canvases of the painter—"The Plague in Florence," to name but one—a new public which often gives its admiration to men far less admirable will recognize with astonishment the power and beauty that were in him.

It is another side of his full nature that we see in his writing, and those who read "The Digressions of V" must look beneath its endless drollery and love of anecdote to perceive the artist as he will appear to the future. That must be in the serious role which his calling assigned to him; but for those who live in the time of which, to the last, he was a part, the book, with its intimate glimpses of old New York and of the artist's Europe, will be a source of constant satisfaction, recalling the zest of the old painter in his life and in his work.

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What Is a Jew?

By ROLAND B. DIXON

ANY serious inquiry into the problem of anti-Semitism is faced at the outset by the puzzling question What is a Jew? The question is clearly basic; it is necessary to determine whether the term "Jew" rightly carries with it a definite racial implication, or whether it is primarily of social and religious significance whether the Jews are a unified race or a mixed people. In popular conception the racial unity of the Jews is generally assumed; they are regarded as a "peculiar people" whose purity of blood has been jealously preserved for thousands of years. They are, moreover, accepted as the direct descendants of the ancient Hebrews, and the terms "Jew" and "Semite" are used interchangeably. But as soon as the various peoples calling themselves Jews are studied from the anthropological point of view, it becomes apparent that probably all three of these assumptions—that the Jews are pure-blooded, that they are descendants of the Hebrews, and that they are Semites—are false, and that the answer to the question, What is a Jew? is, from the racial standpoint, very far from simple. Although the data are not yet sufficient to enable us to solve with certainty all the problems involved, their solution has been greatly aided by investigations into Jewish physical characteristics which have been made in the last generation. These investigations have been concerned primarily with skull form and with the color of the eyes and of the hair. All things considered, the form of the head is probably the most serviceable and distinctive characteristic.

Prior to the recent decades which have witnessed so extensive a migration of Central and East European Jews to America, Europe had for centuries been the homeland of the great majority of the Jews. These European Jews were traditionally divided into two numerically very unequal branches—the Ashkenazim, including the Jews of Germany, Poland, and Russia, and comprising probably nine-tenths of the whole Jewish people; and the Sephardim, made up of the survivors of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews expelled from the Iberian peninsula toward the end of the fifteenth century, and now mainly to be found in the Balkan peninsula, northern Italy, London and Amsterdam, and in Smyrna and Jerusalem. There are considerable colonies of Jews outside of Europe also—in Northern Africa, Arabia, Syria and Mesopotamia, Persia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia.

The Sephardim regard themselves as a sort of aristocracy, claim to represent the pure blood of the ancient Hebrews, and hold aloof from marriage even with other Jews. Historically they are derived in large measure from the North African Jews who settled in Spain after the establishment of Moorish rule. Yet the modern Sephardim, except for those of Constantinople and Jerusalem, differ markedly from the North African Jews of today. For while the latter are prevailingly long-headed and "Mediterranean" in type, to use the current anthropological terminology, the Sephardim of England, Italy, and Salonika are largely or predominantly round-headed and "Alpine," like the prevailing type of the Gentile population among which they live. It is difficult, therefore, in spite of their rigid tradition against marriage with outsiders, to avoid the conclusion that this modification has been due in large part to intermarriage either with Gentiles or with Ashkenazim Jews, and that in this manner the original prevailingly "Mediterranean" type of the Sephardim has been lost, only those of Constantinople and Jerusalem having to some extent retained it.

The Ashkenazim Jews are on the whole rather uniform; with few exceptions they are round-headed and "Alpine" or Armenoid in type and show a somewhat larger proportion of individuals with so-called Jewish noses than the Sephardim. Differences of course exist between the Ashkenazim of Central and Eastern Europe, but existing data do not show these to be marked. The two branches of the European Jews, thus, are in their general racial characteristics much alike, the Sephardim being differentiated from the Ashkenazim chiefly in having a larger minority element of the long-headed Mediterranean type.

The Jews of the Caucasus and northern Syria are essentially comparable with the mass of the East European Ashkenazim. Those of Central Asia and northern Persia, on the other hand, have a considerable long-headed factor resembling that found among the minority of the Sephardim in Europe, and among the Jews of Constantinople and Jerusalem, and the North African Jews. In southern Persia and Mesopotamia this long-headed group is much larger, equaling if not exceeding the round-headed element, and finally in the Yemenite Jews of southwestern Arabia it attains a position of overwhelming dominance.

Summarizing these facts we may say that the Jews as a whole are not a uniform race, but are divisible into two quite contrasted and numerically unequal groups; the smaller, comprising the Jews of North Africa, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and southern Persia, together with the Constantinople and Jerusalem Sephardim, is predominantly long-headed, whereas the larger group, which includes the great majority of the European (and American) Jews together with those of the Caucasus, Central Asia, northern Persia and Syria, is primarily round-headed. According to tradition the Ashkenazim Jews of Germany were originally immigrants from the Mediterranean shores toward the south, presumably similar to the Spanish and North African Jews. If so, they have, through intermarriage with the strongly Alpine German population of the middle Rhine valley, almost completely lost their original racial character and, like the Sephardim of Italy and the Balkans, have taken on that of their Gentile neighbors.

It will have been noticed, probably with surprise, that little has been said of the peculiar type of nose, marked by a striking "nostrility," which is popularly supposed to characterize the Jew. As a matter of fact the so-called "Jewish" or "Semitic" nose is probably neither Jewish nor Semitic in origin, and is rarely found, among European Jews at least, in more than half the Jewish population. While this type of nose is a striking feature of the Jewish people, it is not an essential characteristic, and its absence in any given case does not indicate that the individual is not a Jew.

We have been led thus to two conclusions: first, that all the Jews do not by any means represent a single racial type, and second, that the peculiar form of nose commonly regarded as distinctively Jewish is not at all a universal Jewish characteristic. But, since the vast majority of Jews

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belong to the Ashkenazim branch, which is fairly uniform, may we not regard these at least as belonging essentially to a single racial type? Before we answer this question let us briefly consider the source of the so-called Jewish nose, and the probable origin of the mass of the Ashkenazim.

There seems little doubt that the origin of what is miscalled the Jewish nose is to be found among the ancient non-Semitic population of the Asia Minor plateaus. It was as strikingly characteristic of the Hittites of the second millennium B. C. as it is of many of the Semitic and non-Semitic peoples around the margins of Anatolia today. It is characteristically absent among all the non-Jewish Semitic folk of Arabia and Mesopotamia, and we have good reason to believe that previous to the Dispersion it was not generally characteristic of the Hebrews, except perhaps along the northern borders of Palestine, where intermixtures with Hittites and other non-Semitic peoples coming from Anatolia had taken place. Historical, traditional, and archaeological evidence leads us to believe that the Hebrews were immigrants into Palestine from the east and southeast; it is therefore extremely probable that they were racially allied to the nomad-pastoral Semitic folk of Mesopotamia and Arabia, whose modern descendants are long-headed and characteristically Mediterranean in physical type. The original Jew seems thus to have been rather like the present-day Jew of the Yemen and the Jews of Northern Africa, radically different, from the racial point of view, from the round-headed, Alpine or Armenoid Ashkenazim Jews of Northern Europe and America.

Thus only a small minority of the peoples calling themselves Jews today are of the racial type of the ancient Hebrews, and the great bulk of the modern Jews are not, racially, Jews at all! But if this is true, what was their real origin and how did they come to be called, and to be, from all but the racial standpoint, Jews? The following hypothesis, while it cannot yet be said to have been definitely proved, seems, better than any other, to meet the majority of the facts, and it is probably a close approximation of the truth.

Considerable numbers of Jews from Palestine are known to have established themselves in Anatolia, where Kemal Pasha rules today, and in the Caucasus at least as early as the beginning of the Christian era, perhaps even earlier. There they were in close contact with the ancient round-headed, "nosy" Armenoid population of Asia Minor. To some extent as a result of intermarriage, perhaps in part by the conversion of groups of these folk to Judaism, a strong modification of the original Jewish type took place. Then in the eighth century came the conversion of the Khazars. This still somewhat enigmatical people were a city-dwelling folk derived originally from Central Asia. They had settled, soon after the beginning of the Christian era, in the region north of the Caucasus, between the Caspian and Black seas, and had there built up a powerful mercantile empire, whose influence had spread far into the heart of Russia, into which the Slav as yet had hardly come. Large numbers of Jews settled among the Khazars, and in the eighth century the Khazar people were converted to Judaism. In the tenth century the Judaized Khazars were crushed by the rising power of the Slavs, and scattered far and wide. It is to these widely dispersed, strongly commercial, urban people, in origin partly derived from the Alpine folk of Central Asia, partly from the strongly "Armenized" Jews of the Caucasus and Anatolia, that we must look for the source of the majority of the Ashkenazim Jews of Eastern Europe.

From the anthropological point of view then, the answer to the question What is a Jew? may be stated as follows: Racially the Jews are not a uniform people, being clearly divided into two quite different groups. The one, numerically rather insignificant and dwelling mainly outside of Europe and America, may be regarded as in large measure derived from the original Jewish population of Palestine. Like them it is in the main long-headed. The other branch, comprising the great majority of the Jews of Europe and America, is a mixture of Alpine and Armenoid peoples with but a very slight Mediterranean element. These European and American Jews are allied mainly to the peoples of Anatolia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia, and only very slightly to the original Hebrews. But in racial affiliation, the round-headed Ashkenazim are also closely related to the majority of the whole population of Europe today, which is, throughout its Central and Eastern portions and including a large part of France, fundamentally of this Alpine type. In physical characteristics and proportions there is little essential difference between the Polish Jew and the Great Russian peasant, or between the German Jew and the Bavarian, except in the frequency among the Jews of the so-called Semitic nose. Now it is extremely likely that this feature, derived probably as we have seen from the fusion of a portion of the Jews with the original peoples of the Asia Minor plateaus, has been preserved and intensified among the Ashkenazim, as Ripley suggests, by a sort of artificial selection. For this feature, having been common among the Anatolian Jews who settled among the Khazars may well have become an ideal type, which all semi-consciously sought to acquire or rather pass on to their children, so that in choosing a wife or husband, persons having it were preferred.

The essential similarity in race which the Ashkenazim appear to show with the mass of the population of Central and Eastern Europe is and has been no bar to antipathies and oppression, any more than in the case of the Gentile population itself. For just as the German, the Austrian, and the Russian has despised and maltreated the Jew, so has he hated and oppressed the French, the Czech, and the Pole.

The Jews are thus "not a race but a people," as is indeed true of the English, or the Germans, or the present-day Americans. Like these they are racially complex in origin, but to a far greater extent the Jews have developed a social individuality which is as definite and striking as it has been amazingly persistent. Held together by the strong bond of their adopted religion and its great traditions and unified even in dispersion by oppression, the Ashkenazim Jew presents a remarkable and unique example of what might be called "acquired characteristics." Perhaps only among the Gipsies have we a comparable case, but that case is far less complete. The Alpine factor, which is the predominant element in the racial make-up of the majority of European and American Jews, is, as has been pointed out, essentially the same as that which dominates the present-day population of much of France and of Central and Eastern Europe, and which is represented in no inconsiderable degree in our complex American people. The problem of the Jew is therefore not so much racial as social, and it is along the lines of social relationships that its solution must be sought.

[The Roots of Anti-Semitism, *by Horace M. Kallen, the second in* The Nation's *series of articles on the Jewish question, will appear in next week's issue.*]

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These United States—XXIII*

NORTH CAROLINA: A Militant Mediocracy

By ROBERT WATSON WINSTON

WHEN Bancroft wrote that North Carolina was the freest of the free he might have added "the slowest of the slow." She got into the Union too late to vote for George Washington, she got out too late to vote for Jefferson Davis. Until recently she was provincial and proud of it. Lying between Virginia and South Carolina, it amused and pleased her to be called a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit. No F. F. V.'s for her! Her early settlers were plain people, neither rich nor aristocratic. "Esse quam videri" her motto, the old Tar Heel State would fight, but she would not brag about it, Sir. She wanted no archives, no Historical Associations, no written history. What good was State pride, anyhow? She began life as a tail to Thomas Jefferson's kite, and was quite willing to do the work and let Virginia have the glory.

This is the way that we North Carolinians have been wont to put it. One does not fail to detect a note of aggressiveness in these declarations of modesty. A citizen of a neighboring commonwealth once said, in the course of a good-humored dispute with a Tar Heel: "The trouble with you fellows is that you're so d——d proud of your humility." But, anyway, the self-abasement is a thing of the past now. The former valley is becoming a pretty good mountain itself when it comes to telling the world. No longer does there take place this sort of colloquy, which one could hear at Virginia Springs back in the days when there were no North Carolina resorts:

"Oh, you are a Virginian, of course?"

[Apologetically] "No, Madam; but I was born quite near the Virginia line."

The late Governor Aycock summed up the educational status in these words: "Thank God for South Carolina! She keeps North Carolina from the foot of the column of illiteracy." The press made no contribution to the problem. The task of Josephus Daniels's daily paper, for instance, was to turn everything to political advantage, in its own words to "save the State." The two following citations are illustrative: "Who discovered the North Pole? Dr. Cook, of course, and it's the usual Republican trick to take the glory from Cook because he is a Democrat, and give it to Peary, a Republican." The efforts of the Rockefeller Foundation to eradicate hook-worm with its deadly consequences Mr. Daniels declared to be nothing less than a reflection upon the State whose people were the healthiest on earth and had no such disease as hook-worm—the whole thing being another illustration of meddling Northern philanthropy.

The best philosophy the State could boast for a long time was that of Nathaniel Macon, Speaker of the National House in the early days of the Republic. "Bury me," he said, "in the rockiest spot of my plantation, cover me over with white flint rocks, and do not mark my grave." And among his wise saws were: "Hold elections every year," "Don't live near enough to your neighbor to hear his dog bark," "Poor land is the best neighbor," "Pay as you go—that is the philosopher's stone." Governor Vance followed with the wisdom that "When a man left the farm for the factory he ceased to be a free man and became a slave."

How could there be outstanding men or commerce in these circumstances? And great cities, such as Atlanta, Georgia; Richmond, Virginia, or Charleston, South Carolina, would be a menace to liberty and not to be thought of for a moment. North Carolina hasn't them today—uniquely among Southern States.

This is a far cry indeed from today, when we find Virginia and South Carolina and Georgia newspapers asking, almost plaintively, why North Carolina goes ahead so much faster than her Southern sisters in education, good roads, industrial development. I shall not encumber this discussion with statistics. The facts are easily ascertainable from Federal census reports and other official documents. Suffice it to set down a few of the most important evidences of the remarkable awakening, merely to show the contrast between old era and new.

In the first ten months of 1922 North Carolina communities voted $11,000,000 for school buildings, more than Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee combined. In the last two years she has voted $50,000,000 for good roads and is preparing to vote $15,000,000 more, a total that promises nearly to equal the combined outlay for roads in all the other Southern States south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi. She leads all Southern States in cotton and tobacco manufacturing, and in textile manufacturing is second in the nation to Massachusetts. In twenty years industrial wages have increased from 14 to 137 millions of dollars, and capital employed from 68 to 669 millions. The State has been conspicuously generous, in comparison with other States in the same section of the country, in supporting institutions of higher education, notably the University, the College for Women, and the College of Agriculture and Engineering.

Turning to the dark side of the picture, we are faced with the living and working conditions of a great part of North Carolina's agricultural population. Tens of thousands of small farmers are owned body and soul by the landowner and the money-lender. Their crop is mortgaged before it sprouts, and if cotton and tobacco prices reach a low level, which happens many years, not only is there no margin over and above the debt, but a deficit which leaves the farmers deeper in the mire than ever. It is these Americans sunk in poverty of whom Walter Hines Page wrote in "The Forgotten Man." Competent observers have estimated that between two and three hundred thousand of these tenant farmers—"croppers," as they are called—and their families are not possessed of the wherewithal for even the simplest sort of decent life.

Another condition of which North Carolina has no cause to be proud is the low state of culture reflected both in the creation and in the appreciation of literature, painting, sculpture, and music. True, there is a cultured class around the colleges and in some of the cities, with scattered points of light in the villages and the country, but it is a deplorably insignificant showing. A recent report upon the

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small number of books bought, and borrowed from public libraries, brought forth avowals of mortification and vehement self-criticism from the State's organs of news and opinion.

The saving factor, as regards both tenant farmer and the neglect of literature and the arts, is that North Carolina is working to remove both these reproaches. It is decreasingly trying to distract attention or blind its own eyes by rhapsodic allusions to its Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in 1775 and the gallant deeds of '61 to '65. The leaders of the State's thought are zealously striving to remedy its weaknesses, and they are supported by an active forward-looking element the absence of which thirty-five or forty years ago was so vividly recorded by Mr. Page. A State literary and historical association, an active library association, and an organization at the university to develop dramatic talent are leading manifestations of the will-to-progress in one direction. In the other direction, the farm-tenancy evil is being attacked by experts in rural sociology, a public-welfare department, farm-demonstration agents, and of course through the steady expansion of the schools.

In our history a few incidents, now forgotten by most folks, deserve to be recalled because of their important consequences; and a half dozen or so men have had an influence, far more profound than is commonly realized, upon North Carolina life and policies in the last twoscore years. Less than a generation ago in the river bottoms of the far South ague and fever were universal. The remedy was quinine in solution with its bitter taste. Now a certain Dr. Grove from Tennessee discovered a way of concealing the unpleasant taste and produced a remedy, real or alleged, which netted him a fortune. He chanced to pass through the Land of the Sky. The chateau of George W. Vanderbilt and its magnificent grounds attracted his attention. He investigated the Thermal Belt, well-nigh immune to frost and especially adapted to the growth of choice apples. He traveled over the Yonnalasee highway, skirting the Grandfather Mountain, with its great cascades tumbling through rhododendron and mountain laurel; his eyes dwelt on Mt. Mitchell, 6,800 feet above sea level, with a hundred sister peaks of more than 5,000 feet each; he caught rainbow trout in the Oconolufty, the Cataloochee, the Tuckasegee. He found, notably at Tryon and Flat Rock, cultivated families from Chicago, Charleston, New Orleans, and remoter sections, writers, authors, scholars, Army and Navy men, seeking an all-the-year climate and finding it. He compared western North Carolina, with its dry climate and gorgeous scenery, with New England or the playgrounds of the Old World. To his appraising eye the Blue Ridge and the Craggies seemed superior to the White Mountains or the Green, the Adirondacks or the Berkshires; the sylvan Wye and the gentle Afton inferior to the rippling French Broad, the picturesque Swannanoa, the romantic Nantahala, dashing over pebbly bottoms. His mind was made up—Asheville would be his headquarters. And at Asheville he constructed the costliest resort hotel in the world. To Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic let us rise and sing! Last year 300,000 people visited the Asheville region with its long stretches of hard-surfaced roads. Nearby the Government has two hospitals for soldiers; and Black Mountain, Hendersonville, Montreat, and Junaluska are assembly grounds for religious bodies of all kinds. Two boys' schools, one with patronage extending from South Carolina to Texas; the other filled with the picked youth of New England, Chicago, and the West, are the pride of this metropolis of the mountains. Camps for boy and girl scouts are plentiful. Through the newly created Pisgah National Forest and Game Reserve runs the national highway to Pisgah, 5,700 feet above the sea, furnishing a panorama of mountain scenery of marvelous beauty and grandeur. Perhaps the greatest playground for the people east of the Mississippi has come into being.

Just after the Civil War a sturdy man, living in the hill country, drove a covered wagon loaded with tobacco, which he had manufactured by hand, to the Capehart herring fishery on the Albemarle Sound. The two mules required the better part of a week for the journey to and fro, for the roads were muddy and rough. The venture was a success; his tobacco had been bartered for corned herring and the herring in turn had been traded for fresh pork, which the merchants in Raleigh bought at good prices. Out of his double profit our small tobacco manufacturer could afford to be generous, even lavish, so he laid out a dollar in brown sugar, bought a tin bucket, a dozen shiny pewter spoons, and, on reaching home, proudly bade his three sons pitch in and eat all they wanted. In about half an hour the second lad called out: "Daddy, they've cheated you on this sugar, the bottom isn't half as good as the top." This red-headed lad was James Buchanan Duke, today the richest man in all Dixie.

While he was eating his first sugar another lad, somewhat older and of gentle birth, lately returned from Lee's army, was sitting on the generous veranda of his ancestral home regretting the fate which brought him into the world too late to have been a major general, and asking himself "What next?" This was Walter Clark, a Confederate colonel at 17, now, and for the last third of a century, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, the most talked-of man in the State's history.

These two men, Clark and Duke, differing *toto coelo*, have taught the State to think in terms of millions. Before the coming of Duke and Clark "Pay as you go" was the fixed policy of the State, good roads or bad roads, education or no education. Macon had promulgated it, Vance advocated it, Aycock got roundly abused for violating it in the cause of universal education, Daniels's paper frightened legislature after legislature into following it. But "Pay as you go" is no more. Dead are the old leaders—and eight years in Washington have educated Josephus Daniels. It should be set down in his favor that for a long time now he has been a consistent champion of progress. No longer does he fight bond issues in behalf of great enterprises; and at this time, cities, counties, and the State, released from the dead hand of the past, are marketing bonds by the millions, for roads and schools, for water-works and other public necessities.

All this pleases the Chief Justice immensely. It dwarfs the individual and magnifies the State. "Give the people all comforts, all conveniences," says Clark. When Circuit Judge, his standing orders in a hundred counties were: "Remove those uncomfortable chairs from the jury box, replace them with the latest revolving chairs; tear up that ill-smelling carpet; put a clock on the wall; bring the county law library into the courtroom; transact public business in a business way." In one county, where the commissioners refused to obey, he called the matter to the attention of an admiring grand jury with satisfactory re-

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sults. Asked what will become of our grandchildren, burdened with the weight of debt, he smiles and says: "Don't you worry about the grandchildren, they will take care of themselves, much better than you or I did."

When the late Bishop Kilgo, then president of Trinity College, praised Washington Duke for a large gift to the college, Clark, a trustee, took offense, spurned the money, sought to expel Kilgo from the faculty, and in a ringing article parodied President Kilgo's speech of acceptance: "My Lord Duke, give us money; thou art the greatest man in this our Southland; thy little finger is thicker than the loins of the law; money, money, all else is but as dust in the balance." After these plain words the atmosphere of Clark's city church, its stewards being also Trinity trustees, grew decidedly cold. The fight got into the courts and threatened to disrupt the Methodist church. Clark suggested that to the Trinity College motto "Eruditio et Religio" should be added "et Tobacco." Following hard on this episode, Brother Kilgo was made Methodist bishop, while Brother Clark continued to do business as usual.

Chief Justice Taft recently declared that he would not trust Judge Clark with the Constitution overnight, and it is said that when a writ of error was recently demanded of the previous Chief Justice the following conversation took place:

Railroad Attorney: "We are asking a writ of error to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Mr. Chief Justice."

Chief Justice White: "What is the nature of the action, and who wrote the opinion?"

Railroad Attorney: "The action is against a railroad for damages for personal injury and the opinion was written by Chief Justice Clark."

Chief Justice White: "You need not trouble to read the record. I will sign your writ."

The corporation papers often charge that Clark is trailing the judicial ermine in the dust. He likes this. It calls the people's attention sharply to the fact that corporations dislike him. Tireless years has Clark labored to improve sanitary conditions in factories, protect the health and life of the wage-earner, throw safeguards about women and children, bring about woman's suffrage, and explode an opinion, in Hoke *vs.* Henderson, that a public office is a contract. "The people gave, the people can take away," said Clark, Chief Justice. To Walter Clark the Constitution of the United States is but a buffer to protect the rich in their ill-gotten gains. Washington, Henry, Marshall, Adams, Franklin were land-grabbers, time-servers. Jefferson was the honest man of the Revolution. The greatest usurpation in judicial history was Marshall's declaring an Act of Congress unconstitutional. Whatever the people say is the law. He admires fighters like La Follette and Tom Johnson. As for the trusts they are snakes which must be killed, not scotched. Shall a handful of Rockefellers and Dukes be suffered to possess the wealth which, of right, belongs to one hundred and twenty million free men? The people will never get their dues until the government acquires all natural resources, coal, iron, and oil fields, the means of transportation and of disseminating news, all railroads, steamboats, telegraphs and telephones, and the like. Squeeze every drop of water out of this stock, issue millions of bonds if necessary, and purchase those properties at prime cost, restoring them to the people. Perhaps you inquire why the Chief Justice is so busy about these matters; why is he not solemn and dignified and like other wearers of the ermine? He is not made that way. He wants these changes to take place in his lifetime, and he verily believes that they will be. If in the pursuit of them he become lonesome, unsocial, cut off from companionship with his class, run out of the aristocratic city church to the little Methodist chapel in the outskirts, a man without party, friends, pleasures, or vices—what of it? That way duty and destiny lie.

And "Buck" Duke? He does not know that Judge Clark is after him. He started life with nothing, and if he is the most powerful capitalist in the South he achieved it all himself. Before he organized the tobacco trust and put cigarettes in the mouths of Chinese and Japanese, the tobacco crop of North Carolina was a pitiful sixty milllion pounds—today it is four hundred million pounds, for which he pays the farmer the tidy sum of two hundred and fifty million dollars annually. It was he, he contends, who gave the State a standing in the financial world. From his brain and energy have sprung mill-towns and cities and great wealth for thousands of North Carolina associates, and into State and national coffers millions upon millions of taxes have been poured, so that all property in North Carolina today is exempt from taxation for State purposes. Before he built his cotton mills many a poor family in mountain cove or in the valley was eking out a living, rearing children pale and underfed. Today the same family has some money in the bank, ample food and clothing, and the blessings of schooled offspring.

Not long ago Duke's imagination was aroused by the hydro-electric possibilities of his State and he formulated plans for the Southern Power Company. "I shall develop," said he recently, "millions of horse-power, sufficient to heat and light the State; and our people will no longer pay tribute to the coal barons. Of Piedmont, Carolina, I shall make a garden spot where there will be ample work for all; and agriculture shall be brought out of its long bondage. Trinity College, founded by my father, shall become the most heavily endowed college in America. Do you see that hydro-electric plant there?" pointing to his Catawba development. "It has cost me eighty million dollars."

"What do you expect to get out of it, Mr. Duke?" he was asked.

"Nothing. I was born in North Carolina. It is about time I was beginning to think of a monument. I want to leave something in the State that five hundred years from now people can look at and say 'Duke did that.' Everyone owes something to the State he was born in, and this is what I want to leave to North Carolina. Do I look like a dangerous man to be let loose in the State?" he concluded. In this fierce fight between Clark and Duke, which will win? Shall it be Clark's "Dream of John Ball," or the dream of Buck Duke? In either case there will be progress.

In the nineties a native of the Pine Barrens of Central North Carolina, where land went begging at 50 cents an acre, was sitting in his cabin door when a stranger, driving over roads hub-deep in sand, halted near him. The stranger was Leonard Tufts, a soda-water manufacturer of Boston. He called:

"Hello, friend! Are you the owner of this entire farm?"

"That's what they say."

"Well, I can only say that I am truly sorry for you."

"Well now, stranger, don't you go to wasting any of your sympathy on me, I don't own as much of this land as you think I do."

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Today the Sand Hill Red-Skinned Peach Association, the Page family, and other peach growers own great tracts in this region which are hard to get at $100 an acre, and from Cameron to Hamlet are flourishing orchards of peaches, grapes, dewberries, and blackberries.

This transformation came about because of Leonard Tufts's visit in search of a winter climate to his taste, and Pinehurst and Southern Pines, in consequence of his work, are better known than the State itself. And what a stimulus they have been to the State, with their herds of blooded Berkshires and Ayrshires and their community fairs! But, true to the "esse quam videri" motto of the State, these good people have not made it known that they are raising a peach more luscious and more costly than the Georgia peach, and that they shipped this season nearly a million crates, together with hundreds of thousands of crates of berries.

And yet all the material development of North Carolina would have been in vain but for an incident which should be writ large in State history.

A barefoot boy in his humble home is practicing writing these words: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." His father has just sold a little piece of land and the County Squire has come to take the signature of the little boy's mother. "You sign on the second line, Madam, just under your husband, please." "I cannot write my name, I will have to make my mark"; and the boy is listening to the conversation. Not boastingly, but just to show the impelling power which made him pledge his life to the cause of education, Governor Charles B. Aycock, North Carolina's "educational Governor," once related this story, and added—"I then and there made a vow that every man and woman in North Carolina should have a chance to read and write."

The new amendment to the Constitution required that white boys and black boys alike, after January, 1908, possess certain educational qualifications as a prerequisite to the ballot. It was then that the voice of Aycock, like the crack of a new saddle, aroused the people as never before, bringing compulsory education, a six months' school term, and farm-life schools throughout the State: "I tell you men that from this good hour opposition to the cause of education must be regarded as treason to the State. People charge me with spending great sums of money in the cause of education. I admit it; I am going to keep on doing it, and if I don't spend more it will be because I haven't got any more to spend."

McIver, laboring for the education of women, himself a college-mate of Aycock, declared: "When you educate a man, you educate one person; when you educate a woman, you educate an entire family." These men died young, died with their boots on, died spurring their hobby-horses —and these galloped on.

To the outsider the question at once occurs—what has made this State different from the rest, what explains its going ahead more rapidly than other Southern States in education and industrial development and road-building?

Now, let us not take too much credit to ourselves, but give some of it to Providence. The State of North Carolina is so placed that it escapes the rigors of severe cold and yet is free from the oppression that prolonged intense heat visits upon mind and body. Soil, the seasons, the temperature, and the distribution of rainfall enable us to grow every important crop grown in the United States. North Carolina alone in the Union is both a big cotton and a big tobacco-growing State. In cotton it stands with South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, in tobacco with Virginia and Kentucky. This circumstance in itself would explain the millions by which its agricultural products exceed in value those of other States of about the same area.

Another natural advantage of capital importance to industrial expansion is water power, in which North Carolina leads all other States east of the Mississippi, excepting only New York with its Niagara. Hundreds of thousands of horse-power are already used for mills and public utilities, and a great deal more await development. In manufacturing North Carolina would never have been able to forge ahead as she has without the rivers tumbling down from the heights of the Appalachian chain. Here is wealth in inexhaustible form. Coal is burned up, and even the fishes of the sea are numbered, but water keeps on coming out of the clouds.

So much for the help of Nature. But that is not the whole story. The other great cause has to do with men. North Carolina's development is the triumph of a vigorous middle class. The State never had the aristocratic tradition of either Virginia or South Carolina. To be sure, it had its planter class, the members of which cherished their escutcheons and family trees as the Virginia and South Carolina grandees cherished theirs; but this favored company never established itself so firmly in a holy of holies as its blood brethren to the north or south. It was closer to the ground, and when the big smash came the aura which had surrounded it was dissipated more quickly.

The more complete dominance of an upper class in Virginia had its advantages. It was favorable to leisure for a privileged few, and that leisure in turn was favorable to the growth of culture. No unbiased observer of the life of these two neighbors, no student of their history, can fail to find that North Carolina has been behind Virginia in polish, in the amenities of intercourse, in devotion to things literary and artistic.

The lesser gap between high and low in North Carolina in ante-bellum days has been reflected in a greater readiness to welcome new ideas, a lack of reverence for old allegiances and preconceptions. True, the dead hand of the past seemed to have as firm a grip here as elsewhere in the first quarter of a century after Appomattox, but more recent events have proved that this was not so.

There are those who will say: "Not so; there is no difference between the mass of the people in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. They are from the same stock. Your faster march is due to your luck in having the right leaders at the right time." A good deal may be said for that view. While South Carolina and Georgia have been worshiping at the altars of such gods as Blease and Tom Watson, North Carolina has been heeding the advice of Aycock and McIver and Alderman and others with a passion for real democracy and democratic education. Whatever the reason there arose in the nineties a few leaders who answered miraculously to the need of the hour. They had to combat a vast ignorance—the heritage of slavery, war, and subsequent dire poverty—as well as sectarian prejudices fanned by persons who knew better. They attacked inertia and reaction with the fervor of crusaders. Their fight is being won although we still have far to go before we attain their ideals.

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Washington and 1924

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE Republicans, so far as I can make out from talking with such of the great and wise among them as I happen to know, are just about ready to go like lambs to the slaughter in 1924. They intend—most of them—to renominate Mr. Harding; and they think that on the record which he and they have so nobly made he ought to be reelected; but virtually none of them assert that he will be.

On the subject of the renomination Mr. Lodge is very emphatic. He points out that not even James G. Blaine could prevent the renomination of President Harrison in 1892; and he points out that not even Theodore Roosevelt could prevent the renomination of President Taft in 1912. He does not offer to remind me that Harrison was not reelected in 1892 and that Taft was not reelected in 1912.

Mr. Lodge has not lost his glints of charming objectiveness in politics. He explains his own reelection in Massachusetts by saying: "Bad as I am, the Democrat was worse."

He says, further, on the point of Mr. Harding's renomination, that a party cannot repudiate its presidential record and win. He says that it must uphold that record by renominating the man who made it and that it must then take its chances of winning or losing. The other wise and great among the Republicans—most of them—agree with him.

Some optimists, of course, exist among them. There is, for instance, Senator Moses of New Hampshire. He relies on the League of Nations. That is, while he is strongly opposed to the League of Nations, he relies upon the Democrats to be strongly in favor of it; he says: "There is one more Republican victory in the League of Nations yet."

The Democrats meanwhile seem to me sometimes to be planning to outwit Mr. Moses. Some leading Democrats tell me that they are just as much in favor of the League of Nations as they ever were. Others say that they will be for the League of Nations if Woodrow Wilson stands in the front door of his house on S Street and tells a good many meetings of admirers that the Democratic Party was, is, and shall be for the League of Nations. Still others tell me that they have removed themselves from all contact with the house on S Street and that no order of the day issued from it will cause them to march for the League of Nations.

Some Democrats who have gone to Europe have distinctly cooled off toward European Allied civilization. Senator Caraway of Arkansas went to Europe and saw the French colored troops in occupied Germany. On his return he informed me: "The French say that their colored troops are not Negroes. I may tell you that I am an expert on Negroes. Nobody can fool me on who is a Negro and who is not a Negro. I have inspected these French colored troops. They look like Negroes. They talk like Negroes. They act like Negroes. Take it from me: They *are* Negroes." This testimony by a Southern expert has convincing weight with his fellow-Southerners in the Senate. France is not what it was among them before.

Meanwhile, on the other hand, among the Republicans, there are Senator Borah of Idaho and Senator Brookhart of Iowa and Senator Capper of Kansas, and quite a few others, including probably Mr. Harding himself, who are in favor of the general principle of conference with Europe.

Thus the two parties at Washington in this matter are approaching each other. I should not be surprised if by 1924 the rhetorical line between them was very thin. I should not be surprised if the Democrats subordinated their support of the League of Nations to a vague promise of helpfulness to Europe whenever possible; and I should not be surprised if the Republicans subordinated their opposition to the League of Nations to a vague promise of helpfulness to Europe whenever not really impossible.

Thus one of the great aims of American party maneuvers would be reached. The voter would have to choose between the two parties not so much on their professions as on their candidates and temperaments.

In domestic affairs the Democrats will say—as usual—that the tariff was put too high and that the taxes on the rich were lightened too much. The Republicans are conscious that they cannot claim to have done very many things specifically and expressly for the poor. They fear that there are enough poor to put them out of office in 1924.

In these circumstances some of them remember that, while President Taft and President Harrison were indeed renominated, President Hayes was not renominated. They look for a candidate who would provide the poor with some hope of favors to come or at any rate with the spectacle of an attractive gladiatorial combat. At that point, however, whether their mind's eye is on Borah of Idaho or Johnson of California, they are confronted by the perplexing situation created by Senator La Follette of Wisconsin.

Mr. Johnson does not belong to the "progressive bloc" which Mr. La Follette has established in Congress. Mr. Borah, though he belongs to that bloc, has broken away from Mr. La Follette in the matter of the proposed international economic conference. Mr. Borah is for it. Mr. La Follette is against it. Today, as in George Washington's day, these issues of Europe cut clean through all our American parties and factions. Will Mr. La Follette, with his new enlarged principality of power in the Northwest, tolerate Mr. Johnson, with whom he agrees on foreign policies but with whom he disagrees on home policies? Will he tolerate Mr. Borah, with whom he agrees on home policies but with whom he disagrees on foreign policies? Will he compromise?

In talking with Mr. La Follette I notice a certain mellowing of his disposition. I notice—though I do not wish to charge him with weakness—that he has failed to destroy a certain enemy whom I know he could destroy in one speech. I notice—though I do not wish to be offensive to him—that the oil men who are being investigated by him like him. This is a novelty. These oil men say that they expect Mr. La Follette to denounce them in his report but that at any rate he was urbane and benign in his personal demeanor toward them. I also further notice that Mr. La Follette, though he would have voted against Mr. Borah's international economic conference amendment to the Naval Bill, did not speak against it. Mr. Borah and certain other members of the progressive bloc were for that conference. Mr. La Follette, for the first time in his life in Washington, had to act not entirely as an individual but also as the harmonizing leader of a group.

Nevertheless I notice in him no abatement whatsoever of final insistence on the faith as he sees the faith. He has more power now—by far—than he had in 1912. He was ruinous then to Roosevelt. Will he be ruinous now to Mr. Harding? Will he insist upon being ruinous even to Mr. Borah and even to Mr. Johnson? He has enormous influence among the workers. Can he be brought to an accommodation on a platform and a candidate?

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The Quicksand of the Ruhr

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it. Our property is isolated and barren and comparatively thless; we can borrow from the State loan fund but $1,000. ardless of these conditions we have raised $2,000 among elves in addition to the $1,000 loan, and have attempted a 00 or $8,000 five-room-and-auditorium plan, two rooms of ch are nearing completion and will be used during the pres- school term. This year is the beginning of a five-teacher ol—a new epoch in our history.

ist how and where to get funds to complete and equip this ect is our problem. A few persons have answered our O. S." and have "stood by" as the laws of the seas prompt to in rescuing these children—present and future—from the gh billows of ignorance and illiteracy.

atteras, North Carolina, December 1 MAUDE O'NEALE

From Haiti

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

R: The *Courrier Haitien* sends its sincere best wishes to its nguished American colleague *The Nation.* May the year see its efforts crowned with success and the American ate doing justice to the unfortunate people of Haiti.

rt au Prince, Haiti, January 12 L. JOLIBOIS *fils*, Editor

A Solemn Threat

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

IR: I have your letter saying that the Drifter, aside from ional stories and bits of information picked up from vari- newspaper men, secured his information regarding what call my "amiable failing" from *Editor and Publisher*, a of which you inclosed. I regret I had not seen such a story. he story in *Editor and Publisher* is most unfair and un- ided. In fact, I think it is malicious, and is probably founded he fact that I refuse to permit reporters to say anything please about me without it being contradicted. When re- ers are sent out to get sensational statements, or some other ement to back up their newspaper's viewpoint, and then ng to do it, go ahead and write their own story, I resent it always will. Perhaps that is what is meant by my denials, I defy any newspaper man anywhere to prove that I ever e a statement and then denied it. I do not intend to let kind of matter go on, and will take such action as is pos- e from time to time to point out to the public what kind of lications these are.

ashington, D. C., February 1 JAMES COUZENS

Contributors to This Issue

OLAND B. DIXON is professor of anthropology at Harvard, and was formerly president of the American Anthropological Society. He was on the staff of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at Paris and is a member of various French and British anthropological societies.

AXWELL BODENHEIM, poet and essayist, is author of "Advice: a Book of Poems." "Introducing Irony," "Minna and Myself," and of a forthcoming novel, "Blackguard."

OBERT WATSON WINSTON, lawyer, former president of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, State Senator and Circuit judge, judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, president of the Durham Chamber of Commerce, lives at present in Washington, D. C.

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Books

New Studies of Lincoln

The Real Lincoln. By Jesse W. Weik. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Lincoln. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

WHEN Agassiz visited Lincoln at the White House the President asked the distinguished naturalist about his methods of study and composition, how he delivered his lectures, and how he sensed the different tastes of his audiences. Later, when asked why he had put such questions to Agassiz, the President replied: "Why, what we got from him isn't printed in the books—the other things are." Although Jesse W. Weik's recent book, "The Real Lincoln," contains much that has already been printed in the books, it brings together the results of Mr. Weik's personal investigations about Lincoln during his several years of association with Herndon in the preparation of the latter's well-known three-volume work; it embodies, also, the substance of numerous interviews which Mr. Weik procured from well-informed associates of Lincoln, who observed him in action during many years of personal acquaintance. Among these were Horace White, Leonard Swett, Judge David Davis, Lyman Trumbull, and H. C. Whitney. The highly important data which Mr. Weik inherited from Herndon have thus been supplemented by the results of independent research since the publication of Herndon's work in 1889.

The twenty short chapters of "The Real Lincoln" do not contain a systematic biography; instead they present accounts of interesting episodic phases of his life, in chronological sequence. He finds Lincoln's paternity to be unimpeachable. The case is not so clear with Lincoln's mother. Mr. Weik obviously has been in possession of letters from John and Dennis Hanks (from which he quotes), written to him or to Herndon, whose contents apparently verify Lincoln's private account of the matter made to Herndon in 1850, regarding the irregular paternity of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln (Herndon, I:3). On the once moot question whether Lamon—and Herndon—told the truth about Lincoln's default on the occasion of his first appointment to marry Mary Todd, Mr. Weik reproduces a note from his diary of December 20, 1883, containing the report of his interview with Ninian Edwards and his wife, which apparently confirms Lamon's original account of the episode.

Mr. Weik has sought to obtain the most intimate information possible about Lincoln's ancestry, his domestic life, his manners, his *affaires de cœur*, and his love of jocularity and amusements. But he is at his best in the five chapters in which he tells of Lincoln as a lawyer. He was encouraged in this task by Leonard Swett, who, following the publication of Herndon's "Lincoln," complained that Lincoln as a lawyer had been inadequately considered by his biographer. Swett "maintained that Mr. Lincoln, notwithstanding his brilliant career as a statesman, would never cease to be remembered as a lawyer and as such would be judged by the world." Mr. Weik found this opinion shared by other distinguished contemporaries of Lincoln. Accordingly he has given a full and rather satisfactory account of Lincoln's law studies, his partnerships, and reproduces typical briefs and arguments made by Lincoln to illustrate "his method of reasoning and style of expression as well as unquestioned evidence of his actual utterance." He shows the extent of Lincoln's practice by stating that out of 176 cases carried through the Supreme Court of Illinois Lincoln was successful in ninety-two; that he won seven out of twelve suits carried to the United States District and Circuit Courts and two out of three suits he carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. On this subject Mr. Weik supplements the material to be found in Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer" and John T. Richard's "Lincoln, the Lawyer-Statesman."

Mr. Weik sketches rapidly Lincoln's reentrance to politics following the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854. He gives some fresh incidents in connection with the debate with Douglas, in 1858, to exhibit Lincoln's resourcefulness in handling Douglas's facile accusations. He gives an intimate picture of events at Springfield following Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency and an interesting report of Lincoln's last interview with Herndon preceding the President-elect's departure for Washington, with which event he concludes his narrative. He makes no direct appraisement of Lincoln. He has been content to verify and in some measure fill out the work of Herndon, for whose research and estimate he has unqualified respect.

Contrasting sharply with Mr. Weik's reportorial manner and motive is Nathaniel Wright Stephenson's "Lincoln," which is a thoroughly readable short biography, with no attempt at a contribution to sources. His book is a swiftly moving, charmingly consistent, and comprehensive commentary. He mingles narration and comment symmetrically, with agile sentences and in flavorous idiom. The quotations from Lincoln are well chosen to illustrate the evolution of his political science. Lincoln's early life, his New Salem and Springfield struggles, his disappointing Congressional term, are told to bring out the reaction produced by the somewhat raw pioneer associations, with which Lincoln's personal rawness was in picturesque accord.

Stressing most of all Lincoln's political career, Mr. Stephenson shows that the pivotal Peoria speech, of 1854, contained the structural ideas out of which were formulated the political thought and conscience of the party Lincoln led to success in 1860. His summary of the senatorial debate of 1858 leads him into bits of apt characterization: "The mind of Douglas was first of all facile. He was extraordinarily quick. In political strategy he could sense a new situation, wheel to meet it, throw overboard well-established plans, devise new ones, all in the twinkle of an eye. . . . That he did not have the deep flexibility of Lincoln may be safely assumed; that his convictions, such as they were, did not have an ethical cast may be safely asserted."

Touching the good service of Mrs. Lincoln to her husband at the "dangerous moment" when, after his unflattering experience in Congress, he was urged to abandon Illinois to accept the governorship of Oregon Territory, the author comments: "Then the forcible little lady who had married him put her foot down. Go out to that far-away backwoods when they were beginning to get along in the world . . . when they were at last becoming people of importance, who should be able to keep their own carriage? Not much!"

The emphasis of Mr. Stephenson's book as well as its more discerning part interprets the trial-and-error experiences of the republic with the approach and duration of the war. Throughout the writer's eye is kept steadfastly upon Lincoln, beset by strange circumstances, slowly reaching a definition of the issue between the warring sections. He pictures well the dramatically frantic confusion of thought, the babel of tongues, and the bitter intrigue of the "Vindictives" (Chandler, Wade, Trumbull, and Stevens), seeking to wrest from the silent, cautiously moving President the mastery of the national policy and the control of the army. The rancor of this storm-and-stress period was, of course, intensified by the discordances of the coalition cabinet. But the infinite patience of Lincoln and his surprising capacity to enlarge under a heavy load, fusing his "outer and inner" self, gradually made friends out of his enemies, and cemented to him the confidence of the masses as he unerringly reflected their preference for the safety of the Union above all other considerations. Against the unshaken popular confidence in Lincoln the ambiti ns and opinions of his enemies broke in pieces. A reader of this book will feel more deeply than ever that the history of the Civil War is an abiding laboratory study of the trial-and-error methods of popular government as it gropes in emergencies for permanent policies and waits the appearance of capable leaders.

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Since the death of Lincoln there have been multitudes of efforts to unravel the "mysteries" of his mind and character. Every serious study like this, brief and recapitulatory as it is, makes a worthy contribution. Herndon told the world of Lincoln's self-confidence as well as of his humility. He called Lincoln "profoundly secretive but philosophical . . . a wily man in mental reservation, begotten by the eternal silence" (whatever that was). Mr. Weik indorses Herndon's characterization. Mr. Stephenson calls Lincoln a "mystical statesman" with an "instinctive reticence" in active life. Perhaps he rightly ascribes Lincoln's popular strength to a "combination of the intellectuals and the plain people against the politicians." Against those politicians, he implies, it was Lincoln's character that saved him. On this point every student of Lincoln will recall the elements of his character as envisaged by Herndon: "first, his great capacity and power of reason; second, his conscience and excellent understanding; third, an exalted idea of right and equity; fourth, his intense veneration of the true and good. . . . These limit and define him as a lawyer, an orator, a statesman, and a man." LUTHER E. ROBINSON

Microcosmic

Town and Gown. By Lynn Montross and Lois Seyster Montross. George H. Doran Company. $2.

AS I find myself—to my surprise—mentioned by the publishers as a godfather of this book, I suppose I may as well take a personal tone in speaking of it. I have, it is true, a special interest in it. One of its authors seems to have been encouraged to work at it by a chance remark of mine to the effect that American university life furnishes an excellent field for fiction and that stories true to any university would be true to all of them. The particular university herein represented happens to be my own university. And yet neither of these matters, I think, influences me in my opinion that the thirteen episodes of "Town and Gown" are the most entertaining and satisfying volume of "college stories" this country has produced.

Who that is civilized has not yawned over the tiresome yarns with which the literary alumni of our universities have ordinarily bored the undergraduates? Who has not shuddered at the callow tales with which the literary undergraduates have ordinarily bored even the alumni? Such yarns and tales go round and round a trodden course, ringing endless changes upon a few stock characters, a few stock situations, a few stock emotions, a few stock witticisms, a multitude of stock phrases. They have regularly left out of account the intellectual and spiritual elements in the life of university communities, the ferment which works there in minds at the most susceptible point of their careers, the breaks with customary ways of thought and action, the coming of age which occurs in the students most worth writing about, the particular aspects of comedy and tragedy which mark the lives of the permanent members of universities—that is, the professors and officers at large. Of late, however, things have been different. Undergraduates have heard of Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan and their *Smart Set* and have learned new tricks from the insouciant pen of Scott Fitzgerald. They have discovered that there is a younger generation and that they belong to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Montross, who themselves belong to it, brilliantly exhibit certain members of it in action. Peter Warshaw, for instance, the hero of the longest of the episodes, comes to the State University from his native village with the notion that his principal business with the institution is to get himself turned into a creature fit for a magazine cover or a comic-opera stage. He does actually pick up the current fashions of dress and speech, according to the tradition; but besides that he comes in contact with a world of knowledge and speculation and beauty of which he has never dreamed. The adventures of his spirit, Mr. and Mrs. Montross hint, are the important items of his education. There is Pewter Hughes, the halfback, who remembers a prize steer he once saw being groomed and feted, and who draws a disturbing parallel between it and himself on the morning before a game in which he is to be led out to madden the bleachers and save the honor of the university. Poor Pewter! His coaches and companions think he has turned yellow, and he himself has no words, when all that has happened is that something like a soul is stirring beneath his muscles—stirring him to a sense of the vast futility of the sport to which his peace and self-respect are sacrificed. And there are Ross Boyle and Bee Melton, coeducated seniors, whom love surprises in a way which is touchingly true but which shatters all the genteel traditions of "college stories."

I should have to cite more instances than I have space for if I tried to make clear how varied "Town and Gown" is, how neatly it hits off trait after trait of a typical university, how sharply and sympathetically it gets at its characters and their fates. What most makes me delight to praise it is the sense which it communicates that here is a whole cross-section, or rather a convenient focus, of American life. Little as the authors explicitly say about the town in which this State university is seated, they keep it steadily in mind as a background and a frame for their picture. That picture is inhabited by all those sorts of men and women, homebred and foreign, learned and illiterate, clever and dull, perturbed and complacent, giddy and solemn, which give a Middle Western university the look and quality of a microcosm. There is, at the same time, nothing formal about the method of the book. It contents itself with episodes, chosen more or less at random from the material available, and handles them easily and quickly; but one realizes that if there were thirteen there must have been thirty, or a hundred, or thirteen hundred more episodes left unhandled. The style is that of recent clever fiction in general, with touches of the *Smart Set* manner, and at times is angular and slack. The comedy is amusing, the temper alert and critical, the mood generous.

"Town and Gown" is, in short, to "Moon-Calf" and "Main Street" and "This Side of Paradise" about what the life of a university is to American life at large; that is, it is an abstract and a condensation. But it has such excellence in its own right that for its sake I forgive the tedious "college stories" I have read. I shall not forgive Mr. and Mrs. Montross, however, if they fail to come up to my expectations and do other books as clever and even more far-reaching. CARL VAN DOREN

For Men Only

The Story of Utopias. By Lewis Mumford. With an Introduction by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THE best way to read Mr. Mumford's "The Story of Utopias" is to realize that you have already read most of the Utopias, anyway, and then start in with his tenth chapter and read what he has to say about them. In the first place, it is doubtful if there have been enough Utopias written in the past to make an outline of them worth while even for the present-day short-cut-to-Parnassus efficiency; in the second place people naturally interested in Utopias—that is, those people most likely to be interested in Mr. Mumford's book—have read a good many of the descriptions of ideal commonwealths and will be either antagonized at what he has left out of his nine chapters or at odds with his treatment of what he has chosen to put in; and in the third place, in the beginning of his book he uses the patronizing first person plural and, though this seems to be the accepted attitude with which the writer must approach an outline or a bed-time story, in this case it is so condescending that it might offend a sensitive reader. By this I do not mean to imply that a reader must agree with an author in order to enjoy his book, and if the first nine chapters of "The Story of Utopias" gave what Mr. Mumford thought about them instead of what he chose to repeat I would not question his method of

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presentation. The beginning is unfortunate; there is much in the second half that is worth while.

When Mr. Mumford finally tells what he thinks about the effects of written ideal commonwealths upon civilization he is interesting. When he points out that the result of the industrial revolution is the present unpleasant situation of the Ideal Commonwealth Country House dependent upon its Coketown slave or helot class for its glorious maintenance he is more interesting. And when he enlarges upon the unreality of the paper existence of the world today, with its paper credit exchange system, its life in buildings planned on paper, its ideas derived from newspapers, its very national state a matter of territorial border lines on paper and maps and not on the physical surface of the earth itself he makes us think. Indeed, it would be a very good thing for any person who has ever gloriously shouted "My country, right or wrong," to read what Mr. Mumford has to say about the Myth of the National State. On this subject he has something to say that is worth saying and he says it well.

Mr. Mumford arrives at the conclusion that the trouble with modern movements for the betterment of society, whether they be charity, prohibition, or labor movements, is that "they lack any explicit, consciously projected humane ends which would make any particular measure that they might offer justified." In other words, the matter with the world is that we start working before we sit down and think for what we want to work, and this is exactly what Mr. G. K. Chesterton told us some time ago in that delightful little book "What's Wrong With the World." Though Mr. Chesterton is not named in Mr. Mumford's bibliography it is interesting that they arrive at somewhat the same conclusion by rather varied processes.

In talking about art Mr. Mumford brings forward the Utopian idea that "the common man worships art—when good art is not available he takes second—or hundredth best," and he goes on to use Mr. Eugene O'Neill's success as a proof that "the only way that people can be kept from good art is by not providing it." Anyone who knows of the early struggles of Mr. O'Neill, and the fact that people went to see "Diff'rent" because it was advertised as "The Story of a Sex-Starved Woman," that "Beyond the Horizon" attracted little attention outside New York, will not think that Mr. Mumford has chosen a very good example of the genius hailed by the common man. It is genius, to be sure, but the avidity of the common man is questionable.

Finally, Mr. Mumford has missed the one really significant fact in the history of Utopias: no Utopia has ever been written by a woman. Whether women are by force of nature hopeless realists, or whether they take it for granted that everyone must realize that the Female Utopia would be a place where women were as physically untrammeled as men are in the present world I do not attempt to discuss. But I do know that the Utopias of literature have been blithely indefinite on the woman question. In speaking of Plato's "Republic" where "The wives of these guardians are to be common and their children also common, and no parent is to know his own child," Mr. Mumford says it was a "fairly attractive place"; he is not at all troubled by the horror of the situation of the Queen bee mother in "The Crystal Age"; he seems to take it for granted that the women in the Country House idolum will be overjoyed at the chance of being "tactful hostesses"; and throughout his book he casually sprinkles such little pleasantries as: "while it is obvious to anyone—that kissing a pretty girl is good," and "Who has not had that utopia from the dawn of adolescence onward—the desire to possess and be possessed by a beautiful woman?" The answer to this rhetorical question is, obviously: "Quite a number of women."

In speaking of "News from Nowhere" he ingenuously questions: "How can unhappiness be altogether wiped out as long as maids are fickle and sexual passion strong?" And, becoming impatient at the stupidity of the partisanship of Democrat, Republican, White Guard, Red Guard, Catholic, Protestant, etc., he says emphatically: "Those who would promote the good life must cease this infantile practice of asserting vainly that 'my father knows more than your father,' 'my mother is more beautiful than your mother.'" His own unconscious partisanship is amusing, to say the least. Surely it is not in Female Utopia that men will have the brains while women will be only beautiful.

In choosing the most ideal of the Utopias he lingers lovingly upon Mr. H. G. Wells's mechanical toyland. But all I remember about that hideous world-wide factory is that as the two visitors came down the mountain side they met the governesses going off into the country with the children for the summer or something like that. What about the governesses? In fact the only idolum that has had many female adherents is the heavenly conception of Utopia and the reason for this is only too apparent. Whoever thought of the idea of no sex in heaven did more to recruit the female population than any Utopia before or since has ever done.

Mr. Mumford discourses at length on the industrial revolution of the last hundred years. Obviously, he considers its results most important. And, quite as obviously, he never heard of the feminine movement of the last fifty years. Either that, or he does not think it has had any results. Surely women are not to be entirely overlooked in the consideration of government. Not if history is to be credited. After all, Helen and Cleopatra had much to do with the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. And though Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, and Catherine the Great differed temperamentally each has left her mark on the map of Europe.

KATHLEEN MILLAY

The Shropshire Corydon: Opus II

Last Poems. By A. E. Housman. Henry Holt & Company. $1.50.

IT is to be doubted if any poet of the worth of A. E. Housman will go into the dark, leaving behind as light a pack of verse as he will have done. Fivescore and four slight lyrics, in two slight books—he has done much of the winnowing which time is used to doing. His worth is no less in the gold of his lines than in the spread of his influence. Heine before him thrice distilled vinegar with nectar; but Heine had much of the doubt of maturity, where Housman is all the wisdom of youth. Heine at times too used a long note, a wide gesture; Housman graves heaven and hell on the head of a pin. This is what he has taught the hovering flock that cannot top the clouds beside him. What O. Henry harvested from Poe in the short story, brief span and stabbing end, this man brought to the lyric. Nothing of his published since "The Shropshire Lad"? Never was idea so errant. His yearly output o'erleaps itself. Look in the volumes signed by other singers, to see how the heart of Housman has set the pitch, and the tongue of Housman uttered the music. He has never—he will never be dumb, for a long space. His wind-blown seeds bud and bloom in land and far island and up chill peaks. His cherry is hung with new snow with every spring.

"Last Poems" is but first poems published last. There is less of the crashing chord as the knife stabs home, by a trifle; there is a bleaker gust from a chiller land whining without the door; but almost any two poems from the two groups could be undetected changelings. There is the wide hollow wisdom of nineteen in the opening lines:

> "We'll to the woods no more,
> The laurels are all cut,
> The bowers are bare of bay
> That once the Muses wore;
> The year draws in the day
> And soon will evening shut:
> The laurels are all cut,
> We'll to the woods no more."

It is hard to pass a page without quotation. The West is rich with his restrained loveliness:

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"The sun is down and drinks away
From air and land the lees of day.

"The long cloud and the single pine
Sentinel the ending line,
And out beyond it, clear and wan,
Reach the gulfs of evening on. . . .

"When you and I are spilt on air
Long we shall be strangers there;
Friends of flesh and bone are best:
Comrade, look not on the west."

The next poem flushes us with one choking new rhythm:

"Her limbecks dried of poisons
And the knife at her neck."

But this is not heard again. The draining close of Grenadier, the subtle alteration of the theme of Lancer, the old majesty of Soldier from the Wars Returning, the trumpet note in:

"We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world. . . .

"The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale."

This is the Housman that the lesser seedlings miss. The appalling vigor breaks in little lines like:

"Or beeches strip in storms for winter
And stain the wind with leaves."

"When the eye of day is shut,
And the stars deny their beams,
And about the forest hut
Blows the roaring wood of dreams."

Over and over again the strain is of futility:

"Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave
And died because they were."

"Sleep, my lad; the French are landed,
London's burning, Windsor's down;
Clasp your cloak of earth about you,
We must man the ditch without you,
March unled and fight short-handed,
Charge to fall and swim to drown."

"Around the huddling homesteads
The leafless timber roars,
And the dead call the dying
And finger at the doors."

There will be a startling break into a music as marching and triumphant as the peak of Lepanto:

"The King with half the East at heel is marched from lands of morning;
Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight the air."

But the bitter brave moral is never far absent, as in this glittering Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries:

"These, in the hour when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

"Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay."

In place of the bitter trilogy of love dramas in the earlier book, we have here a group around the lad upon the scaffold. The charming whimsy "Terence, this is stupid stuff" has briefer, sharper rebirth here:

"The fairies break their dances,
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn.

"The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay."

Only once do we detect a mood stronger and deeper than in the older singing:

"The laws of God, the laws of man,
He may keep that will and can;
Not I: let God and man decree
Laws for themselves and not for me;
And if my ways are not as theirs
Let them mind their own affairs.
Their deeds I judge and much condemn,
Yet when did I make laws for them?"

It were too much to expect this defiance to hold to the end:

"Please yourselves, say I, and they
Need only look the other way.
But no, they will not; they must still
Wrest their neighbor to their will,
And make me dance as they desire
With jail and gallows and hell-fire,
And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?"

Shall we say that here was—that here is forever—a great minor poet, and let it slide at that? The lines say that no Pope or Dryden culled and won each precious word more thoughtfully or felicitously; the tunes say that Campion's self spoke no more magic than this living Elizabethan youth. Why, then, is he not more than a great minor poet? What have others that he lacks? It is of course in part that he did not find nor seek the surge and thunder of "Dauber," of "Saul," of "Tamerlane," of "Lear"; nor the supreme ecstasy of the odes to the west wind and to Philomel, nor the star song of Kubla Khan. Deeper than this is a pervading craft that is at the end a fatal lack. Let us see what he does, to know thereby what is undone.

To this singer life is a plain thing. There are love, war, death noble and ignoble, spring and winter. . . . They are all young, as he knows them. Life never deepens for him beyond the vision of his Shropshire lad—a youth who has never seen twenty, as we span it, and never can. This is at once his crown and his crime. Here are all the conventions of pastoral poetry, worn, it is true, as a Joseph's coat. How would he be as Godiva? To word it otherwise, life is ever an affair of lad and lass, with him. To all of us it is this, with more, with much more. This is the eldest, spring-sweetest part; but there are deeper hells than Romeo knew or Juliet guessed. He must talk of the naked belly of a vast beautiful steam boiler, the wild-duck flight of airplanes raining death upon a countryside, in terms of Corydon and Thyrsis . . . his crime and his crown. Why did he never grow up and out of the morbid wisdom of nineteen? The verses have all the beauty—pardon, dear master, for what the limbeck shows—of brainlessness. Perhaps after all this is all beauty: perhaps beauty stops at the threshold of one score. Was Socrates cross-eyed when he wept with joy at the beauty of a dotard's glimpse of the majesty of sky and taller man? We hold that he was not: to all of us this wider, maturer vision comes. This singer is a voice out of an impossible youth of the race; passed, and now impossible. We must have man's singing from a major poet. Thus he is as he is: we are richer for the gap he has filled with melody; but we must turn to the stern, horrid crumbling of young dreams, and the wider dreams he could not know, and we must know and be.

CLEMENT WOOD

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Drama

"Worthy of the Muse"

THE Theater Guild production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is magnificent; it is a thing to dream of. All the critics have said so. I shall say so, giving, for what they are worth, my special reasons and interpretation in due time. Meanwhile the production of a very homely little play is slowly dying of inanition at the Punch and Judy Theater. And this homely little play, called "A Square Peg" and written by Lewis Beach, is more important to us than either "Peer Gynt" or the glow and eloquence of Stanislavsky's players. We have no Ibsen; we have no Chekhov; we have no Hauptmann. True. But if we pay no heed to such dramatic life as we have, from which an Ibsen or a Hauptmann may spring, we shall go on in our poverty. "Life, some think, is worthy of the Muse." We cannot too often remind ourselves of those words of George Meredith. Only to those who heartily think so will that particular Muse descend.

It is not necessary to have any absurd notion of the ultimate value of "A Square Peg." But it is another in that series of plays of American life—"The Hero," "Ambush," "Hospitality"—in which the spade cleaves our soil. Only from such soil can live things grow. The fantastic, the air-spun, the merely sophisticated, having no roots, is doomed to flash and wither. It will not burn; it will give neither heat nor light.

Mr. Beach is weakest, like all American playwrights, on the side of structure, of plot. He is still tied to the notion of symmetry of action. Action in life has no symmetry. If there is a pattern, it is too extensive for our vision. Let Mr. Beach consider Hauptmann's "Drayman Henschel" once more from this point of view; let him consider "The Three Sisters" of Chekhov. But what Mr. Beach has succeeded in projecting upon the stage in a manner that makes him not unworthy of discipleship of either the great German or the great Russian is the moral atmosphere of his people and his scene.

The scene is a "home" in a small city of the Middle West. The father is an accountant, the mother a woman of great strength of character and pertinacious ambition, president of the Y.W.C.A., leader in all good causes, vigorous, icy, moral, and dead. There is a daughter who teaches school, a son who "clerks around." The real and all-sufficing fable which needed no elements of plot is the destruction of father, son, daughter, by this mother's terrible efficiency, tyranny, implacable respectability. In her are concentrated as, in another way, in the Rev. Mr. Davidson in "Rain," all the cruel forces that make the common life of our middle classes so bleak, dry, comfortless to body and to spirit. Here is goodness that is never tender, repression without inner impulse, rigidness, coldness, noise but no human sound. So every life, even that mother's, produces only a life-lie, as Ibsen would have said. These people, like the people in "The Pillars of Society," have never had the courage to will. The mother, who sums up all the ferocities of that particular moral world, has crippled their wills through the resistless years. I know no higher nor any deeper or truer moment in any extant American drama than that in which the father of this family lets his daughter know very quietly and undemonstratively that, though his plans for flight and refuge have come to naught, he is glad and eager to go to the penitentiary from this "home." No, that is not exaggerated; it is overwhelmingly true. Where the will is crippled by an alien force, where it is gnawed away through days and nights and years—there the moral pestilence is such that prison for only the body is freedom and death for only the body is life.

Mr. Beach's dialogue is excellently true to his people and their place. He lends his characters no eloquence that is beyond them, yet they express themselves fully and profoundly enough to reach both the heart and the mind. The figure of the father is a superb creation and is superbly played by William B. Mack. The mother may be thought to verge on caricature, as the insufferable aunt undoubtedly does. Yet anyone who has known the particular life that Mr. Beach depicts will hesitate to say that definite types he can think of are not capable, in still other exemplars, by a little heightening and tightening and freezing, of producing a Mrs. Huckins. There is, at least, a Mrs. Huckins in thousands of women. At worst she is the archetype. She is not untrue, nor can any fault be found with the playing of Beverly Sitgreaves in the part. With the son and daughter we return to the quite humble, quite unquestionable truth, and nothing but the unnecessary gathering of theatric strands of action in the last act prevents "A Square Peg" from having the special perfection of modern tragedy—the revelation through character and inner action of those moral processes which make lives what they are.

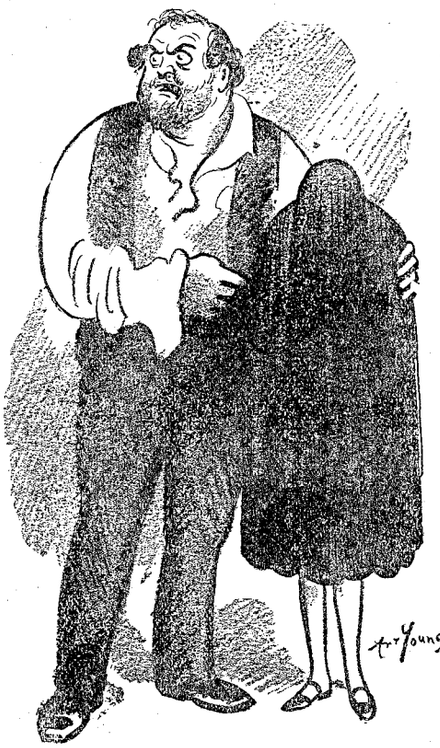
The Punch and Judy Theater, on the night I attended the play, was half empty. An air of discouragement haunted the place. A few blocks farther up the Moscow Art Theater was crowding the house. There would never have been a Moscow Art Theater if the Muscovites had been as indifferent, as contemptuous of the beginnings of the modern Russian Theater as we are of the beginnings of ours. Arthur Richman has taken to cheap comedy. Shall Lewis Beach be forced to do the same?

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Theatre Guild Productions

R. U. R.
By KAREL CAPEK
FRAZEE THEATRE
42nd W. of Broadway

PEER GYNT
By IBSEN Music by GRIEG
GARRICK THEATRE
65 West 35th St.



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Players Co.
in
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by
Sholom Asch

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"A superb performance"—Alexander Woollcott in *Herald*.

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International Relations Section

The Coal France Lost

ACCORDING to the *Kölnische Zeitung* of January 24, Germany was delivering coal to France before the invasion of the Ruhr at the rate of 67,000 tons a day. In the first twelve days of the French occupation coal deliveries were as follows:

	Via Aix-la-Chapelle to Belgium	Via Aix-la-Chapelle to France	Via Herbesthal	Via Ehrang	Total
Jan. 11..	5,197	420	1,606.5	18,788	26,011.5 tons
12..	5,149	913	1,442.5	13,288	20,792.5
13..	1,465	1,699	1,513.5	10,611.5	15,289
14..	165	60	625	1,893	2,743
15..	658			2,387	3,045
16..	16	435	732.5	1,082.5	2,266
17..	624			4,471.5	5,095.5
18..	206.5	50		108.5	365
19..				67.5	67.5
20..	45				45
21..					none
22..					none
Total					75,720

In other words, according to these German figures the French invasion of the Ruhr, instead of producing more coal for France, cost France 728,000 tons of coal. It should be added that an unofficial French statement made simultaneously with this German reckoning, claimed that the export which had fallen to 5,000 tons per day had risen to 10,000 tons per day. Even in the latter case, however, the loss would be at the rate of 57,000 tons daily.

"The Enemy's Names Are Cuno and Poincaré"

ALTHOUGH the Reichstag members of the German Social-Democratic Party voted by a considerable majority to support the Cuno Government through the present crisis a part of that party's press, including the important *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, protests this decision, comparing it with Socialist support of the war in 1914; and the Communists have steadfastly denounced the German Government and Poincaré with perfect impartiality. The Berlin *Rote Fahne*, chief organ of the party, in the midst of the Ruhr invasion, spread upon its front page such headlines as "Against French Sugar-Bread, Against the German Whip" (January 18), "Down with the Cuno Government" (January 16), "The Stinnes War Against the Workers" (January 20), "Loucheur, Stinnes, and Co." (January 24). Deputy Paul Froelich expressed the party's position in the Reichstag on January 13, in part as follows:

Poincaré's act of violence plainly shows that we are not living in a state of peace but that since the Treaty of Versailles the war has continued, merely changing to other methods. The invasion of the Ruhr proves that the treaty was not drawn to bandage the wounds of the war, but simply to continue the destruction of the world by other methods. We have always protested against the Treaty of Versailles, knowing that it involved economic pillage of Germany, her economic enslavement and colonization. . . .

Today we see the consequences of that treaty, and we also see the response of the bourgeoisie: a day of mourning, the flag at half-mast, jeremiads, and lamentations. We see how they are preparing the workers to be dragged behind the chariot of nationalism. And we ask the German bourgeoisie: "What gives you the right to protest? From the beginning you have taken part in the great chase; you have no right to talk of violence. You have had and expressed the will to resort to violence. I need only recall the demands of the six great industrial leagues which, during the war, won the support of the Government and of the High Command in their desire violently to conquer Belgium and France. What France is doing to Germany today is what the Stinneses, Thyssens, and Klöckners wanted to do to France during the war. Where is the logic of your indignation?" . . .

French policy corresponds to the dearest wishes of Stinnes and his accomplices. Stinnes has not only worked for the occupation of the Ruhr; he has tried to make it inevitable. He is in the most intimate relations with the French steel industry which Poincaré supports. In one of the contracts between industrials of the two countries, do we not read: "The two contracting parties agree that construction of blast furnaces shall be stopped in Germany"? They could not say more cynically that it is to the interest of French and German industrials to sabotage the economic reconstruction of Germany. . . .

We feel ourselves at this time first of all brothers of the French people, of the French working-class (hisses from the gallery) who have undertaken to fight Poincaré, and we cry to the German workers: "Copy the brave ones over there who are fighting the military policy of Poincaré and carrying on a clear working-class policy!" . . .

To save the German people today there is just one policy: Overturn the present Government; establish the working-class as the nation, and give it power.

On January 23 the shops councils of the Stinnes works met at Essen and voted to recall their representatives who had gone to Mainz with a mixed commission to seek the release of the German business leaders (Fritz Thyssen and others) who had been arrested by the French authorities. The *Rote Fahne* next morning greeted this action as "the first breach in the nationalist unity" and concluded its comment with the words: "The enemy's names are Cuno and Poincaré. The enemy is in our country. Poincaré must be beaten on the Ruhr and Cuno on the Spree." A general conference of works councils of the Ruhr miners was hurriedly called together at Essen on January 24. According to the *Westfälische Arbeiterzeitung* (Dortmund) of January 25 the 250 men present unanimously indorsed the action of the Stinnes workers and adopted the following resolutions:

The representatives of the works councils of the mines of the Ruhr protest energetically against the arbitrariness of their German and French rulers. They regard the prohibition of the *Ruhr-Echo* by the Cuno Government and of the Duisburg *Volksstimme* by their French masters as impudent provocations of the working people. The representatives of the workers demand the immediate recall of both prohibitions.

We send our fraternal international greeting to the French Communists who are lying in jail because of their heroic struggle against Poincaré's imperialistic expedition. The works councils here represented promise not only to demand of their present military rulers in the Ruhr that Cachin, Monmousseau, Ker, and the others be freed, but also to follow the splendid example of these warriors on the international working-class battlefront. The works councils are aware that it is their duty to fight just as bitterly against the Cuno Government supported by Stinnes as it is the duty of the brutally persecuted French comrades to fight against the Poincaré Government. Down with German and French capital! Long live the fraternal alliance and power of the international working-class!

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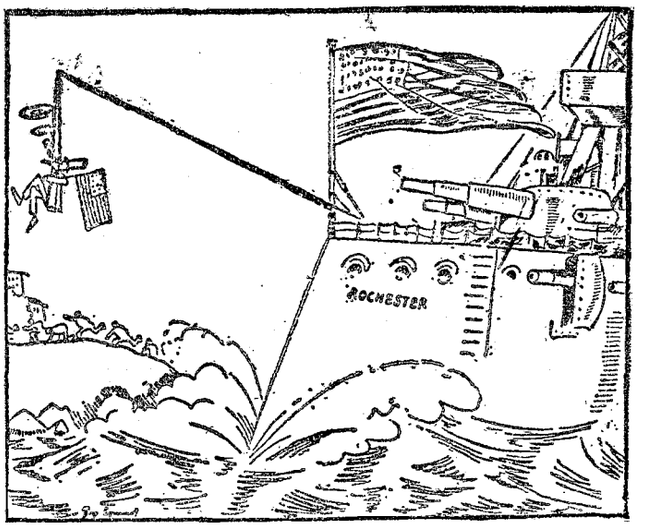
A Soviet View of World Affairs

(*Cartoons from the Moscow* Izvestia)

The Angel of Peace Hovers over the Conference at Lausanne

England's "Position" at Lausanne

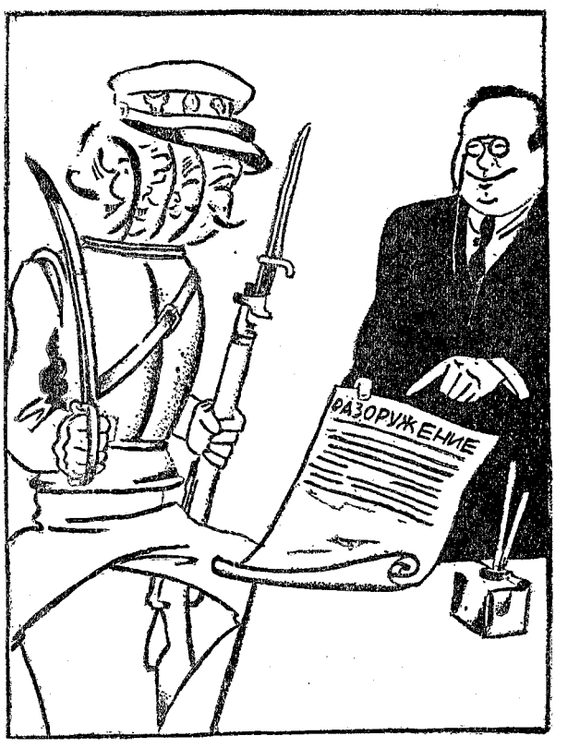
Chicherin (to Curzon): Careful, my lord, it is easy to topple over in your position.



Attention America!

(The American "observer" at Lausanne declared that the American navy must be allowed to go wherever there are American citizens.)

A simple, patent device making it possible to have an American citizen everywhere and full freedom of navigation.



The Moscow Conference on Disarmament

Litvinov (pointing to the word "disarmament"): Why don't you sign?

The Conference (Poland, Latvia, etc.): Impossible; both hands are busy.

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The Germans Restor the Louvain Library

ARTICLE 247 of the Treaty of Versailles states that "Germany undertakes to furnish to the University of Louvain, within three months after a request made by it and transmitted through the intervention of the Reparation Commission, manuscripts, incunabula, printed books, maps, and objects of collection corresponding in number and value to those destroyed in the burning by Germany of the Library of Louvain."

Accordingly the University of Louvain established a bureau for the restoration of the Louvain Library which is directed by M. Stanier. After a series of negotiations with a group of German delegates headed by State Commissioner Oehler of Leipzig the restoration began in the summer of 1920. Mr. F. Batardy, a Belgian, writing in *Le Vingtième Siècle* of Brussels, for July 27, 1921, reported:

One hundred and ninety-eight thousand printed volumes have been sent to Louvain, some to replace books that were burned, others to establish new collections of as great value as those which made the reputation of the old library but which cannot possibly be replaced. The libraries of a considerable number of German professors have recently been purchased, notably those of Cornil (theology) and Halle (2,000 volumes of the Old Testament); the mathematical collections of Study (of Bonn) and Cantor (of Heidelberg), together about 6,000 volumes; the library of anthropology of Professor Schmidt of Leipzig, and the collection of works on pathological anatomy of von Hansemann of Basel; the romance philology collection of Professor Seelmann of Bonn and the Germanic philology collection of Dr. Eberhard of Brunswick; and, finally, the literary collection of Fritz Thyssen and of Fédor von Sobelfetz. Besides these books there have been a series of conferences upon the restitution of collections of manuscripts and of incunabula, books printed before 1500. German experts presented what they were able to purchase for the approval of the Louvain experts. Already 134 manuscripts and forty-nine incunabula have been obtained. Among the latter are about thirty Louvain publications of the greatest rarity. An important series of old Belgian manuscripts is included in the collection. Thus the Germans have bought, in order to present them to the university, two admirable illuminated prayer-books of the most famous Ghent-Brussels period, paying for them almost their weight in gold; these books alone would be sufficient to establish the reputation of the new collection. In a similar way it has been possible to obtain a large number of manuscripts formerly belonging to the ancient Belgian monasteries, among which figure documents coming from Saint-Jacques, from Liége, from the Abbeys of Park and of Bonne-Espérance. The work is so organized that at present about one hundred cases of books are sent in every five weeks.

A rather interesting item to report is the fact that the German Government has appointed as state commissioner Mr. Oehler who, being in Belgium when the war ended, immediately applied himself to prevent any destruction of books or of scientific documents. All the negotiations of the Bureau for the Restoration of the Louvain Library are being made through him.

A year later, on July 19, 1922, "C. A. G." wrote in *L'Indépendance Belge* of Brussels:

The Germans have organized this matter very well. They have established an association of all the booksellers of Leipzig: the "Einkaufsgesellschaft Löwen" (Louvain Purchasing Association), functioning under the supervision of the government through a state commissioner, which is a veritable centralizing organism having a large staff, with correspondents, postal accounts, etc. To this organization we send our lists and our substitution catalogs, in which our professors set forth their particular desires. We also have our buyers who explore the antiquarian bookstores in Germany, where they are far more numerous than elsewhere, and some of which are world famous.

Thus far we have received 655 incunabula, among which are several not possessed by the British Museum. We also have a 42-line page of the extremely rare Gutenberg Bible, the manuscript with miniatures, "Hours of Notre-Dame of Loutre"; a series of manuscripts from the archives of the old cathedral of St. Jacques of Liége, and several other fine old books. We have already collected some fifty-odd Louvain incunabula, out of about 200 known.

The Louvain Library had about 300,000 volumes. At present we have 261,000. Yet we have really completed only about one-third of the restoration, which has to be achieved not in terms of numbers, but of value.

A letter from Commissioner Oehler, dated November 28, 1922, to Mr. A. Willkomm of San Francisco, states that since the July article from *L'Indépendance Belge* another lot of books had been shipped to Louvain, so that the Germans had delivered a total of 280,000 volumes. The law library of Professor Lilienthal, the botanical library of Professor Czapek, and the collection of the classical philologist Hermann Diels had also been purchased, the latter for $5,000.

The Russian Railway Mission Dissolves

ON November 24 the Russian Railway Mission Abroad, located at Trollhätten, Sweden, celebrated its second and last anniversary. According to the decision of the Soviet of People's Commissars, the mission will be dissolved as an independent body, though it will continue its work under the direct control of the Moscow Government. The order of the head of the mission, Prof. G. Lomonosov, says:

The Russian Railway Mission Abroad was organized soon after the lifting of the blockade and appeared as a pioneer of trade of Soviet Russia with the West. Extreme circumstances required unusual forms for this trade and special authority for the head of the mission. Now, when these circumstances no longer exist, the ordering of the railroad material must be absorbed by the regular channels of our foreign trade.

The work of the mission began under especially difficult conditions, when hardly anybody desired to talk with us and when even in Russia a great many people did not believe in the possibility of large business dealings with Europe. Nevertheless, the mission has rapidly won recognition and the confidence of business and banking circles in Europe, and in the course of two years has placed more than 400 orders, to the value of about 400,000,000 Swedish kroner.

The following are the more important orders placed by the mission:

Locomotives, 1,200, of which are finished and accepted, 880. Tank cars, 1,500, of which are finished and accepted, 1,500. Locomotive boilers, 200, of which are finished and accepted, 90. Locomotive tires, 18.5 tons, of which are finished and accepted, 18.5 tons. Boiler tubes, 10.5 tons, of which are finished and accepted, 10.5 tons. Rails and rail fastenings, 77.5 tons, of which are finished and accepted, 77.5 tons.

The boldest, most complicated, and most responsible part of the mission's activities was doubtless the transportation of the assembled locomotives to Russia.

In order to perform all those operations in the space of two years, exceptionally intensive work was required on the part of the members of the mission, for which I, in the name of the Russian Government, express to them the deepest gratitude.

Our work is being finished, but we can be proud, realizing that we fulfilled it conscientiously and successfully.

The end of the mission, however, does not mean that this body will disappear. It will continue under a different name, probably as a trade delegation.

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